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DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE
FOR 1936
By
ATHLE SALE DAVIS

DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY:

OF

OF NEWSPAPER VERSE

For 1936

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An Annual Barometer of the Sentiment
of the American People

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Eighteenth Annual Edition

•

Illustrated

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Edited by
ATHIE SALE DAVIS

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ENID, OKLAHOMA
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FOREWORD

In presenting this, the eighteenth annual volume of Davis' Anthology of Newspaper Verse, I wish to say that through the unfailing courtesy of authors, columnists and publishers I have received an almost unbelievable number of poems this year. The reading and selection of these poems is quite an undertaking, but it is an intensely interesting one.

From the beginning Doctor Davis regarded the study of Newspaper Verse as an interesting hobby because he felt that it was a reliable barometer of the feelings of the American people and their reactions to current events. I believe that this fact still holds true. However, each year more poetry is published by newspapers. Increasing numbers of newspapers over the country are adding special columns featuring poetry; some daily, some once a week and others once a month. Poetic thoughts are the golden thread with which to tie the humdrum affairs of life, and a poem published in a newspaper is available to a much larger group of readers than if it were published in a poetry journal.

Many beautiful poems have been printed in the newspapers during the year, and following our regular study for timeliness I have found that poems have appeared stressing most of the important events of the year.

As might have been expected the political campaign was the theme for verse and jingles. There were poems of purely local character as well as those on the national candidates and issues.

Various forms of Relief and Social Service received poems of commendation and poems of condemnation.

Poets wrote in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Statue of Liberty, and some of these newspaper poems received much favorable comment.

Affairs here at home did not so fully occupy us that we did not have time to think of others, and America's

poets extended sympathy to England in the deaths of King George V and Rudyard Kipling, as well as a tribute to King Edward VIII.

Unusual weather conditions were again stressed in verse; this is especially true of the severe drouth and dust storms which swept the interior states. Many of these poems were quite vivid word pictures.

Of the regular themes which appear each year, by far the greatest number were on vacations and vacationing and in this group the mountains received more poems than any of the other subjects.

There were about the usual number of poems to Mother, and about children—this is true also of poems about the months, the seasons, flowers, gardening, trees and birds.

Especially near Armistice and Decoration Day the poets brought to our attention the horrors of war, and a plea for universal peace. While this has been true since the 1919 issue, the sentiment for peace has grown each year and seems to predominate in the poems during these two Memorial days.

The value of the Newspaper as a news medium in the daily life of our nation is not to be questioned, neither should we question the poetic urge of that individual whose appreciative eye sees in the happenings of the daily life that which causes him to breathe deeply of the spirit of poetry and give to us his message in the daily newspaper.

ATHIE SALE DAVIS.

Enid, Oklahoma.

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LETHARGY

The rains and snows of yesterday,
Filled my heart with fear;
Time cannot touch you now,
Winter's never near.
At twilight or at dawning,
Everywhere, my dear,
Tiny little blossoms
Tell, we grow more near.
The world is at the springtime,—
We hear the bird's gay song;
Each tree in the sunlight
Makes shadows throng.
My heart tries singing,
For my garden's fair,
And a pinkish rosebud,
Is blooming there.
I still pray;—I still sleep;—
Dream that you're away;—
'Cause roses keep returning,
Near the last of May.

The Ada (Ohio) Herald.
May 29, 1936.

Maude Moore.

ANOTHER SIREN CALL—

In early days the pirates hid
on islands in the seas;
But nowadays our traffic cops
make pikers out of these!

The Arizona Star.
"Happy Days," May, 1936.

Paul Jans.

FOR YOU

I do not place my flowers upon your grave
At Easter-time, nor yet, on Mother's Day,
To watch them wither there beneath the sun,
And droop their blooms in fragrant disarray.

Instead, I seek a lonely one—and old,
Whose sorrowing eyes have looked on children's biers.
I pin a rose upon her breast, and kneel
To stroke her withered hand, and dry her tears.

Such little things as these that I may do
Bespeak my never failing love of you!

*The Atlanta (Ga.) Journal. Laura Boyd Shallenberger.
May 9, 1936.*

"MUSICOMANIA"

Play me a melody when I am gay.
You may play a melancholy air,
The tempo quick, or let rhythm sway;
Maybe a mournful tune—all is fair.
Play softly, tunefully, when I rest,
Each tone is a harmonious plan,
Touch the keys lightly—do your best;
Soulful music is my heart's demand.

When I am sad, sound not a note;
To do so would surely murder me.
The strains of music burst my throat
While I pass my Gethsemane;
But rather let a silence float—
'Tis then music of divinity.

*The Birmingham (Ala.) News. Daisy Covin Walker.
"The Coal Bin," November 9, 1936.*

AUTUMN

In gay attire and swishing skirts
Today a caller came;
She is a cold and naughty flirt,
Indifferent, haughty dame;
Gives me the air until it hurts—
I love her just the same.

*The Birmingham (Ala.) News. Monica Shipp Cline.
"The Coal Bin," November 7, 1936.*

BROTHER BRYAN'S STATUE

This sweet discipleship expressed in stone
Lacks but the breath to mark mortality,
Symbolic of the Christ who prayed alone
With troubled soul in dark Gethsemane,
Inscribed in stone, love, faith and charity,
The setting, noisy street and busy mart,
The sculptor's chisel wrought exquisitely
Portraying him who holds a city's heart.
No scoffers pause to speak their Godless creed
Before this marble with its intent gaze,
But life's wounded, the untouchables, take heed,
Sensing the Christhood in him as he prays.

*Nan Connell Richardson.
The Birmingham (Ala.) News.
September, 1936.*

THE RIVER ROAD

The arrogant new road is laid
Along the bluffs' steep ledge;
The road that plodding wagons made
Clings to the river's edge.

Yet one is just reality
Of what the other dreamed,
But did not hope could ever be,
So marvelous it seemed.

Midsummer heat or winter frost
Few seek the old-time way,
So overgrown and almost lost
In rubble and decay.

But in its thought completion lies,
Neglected though it seems;
How happy one who lifts old eyes
To gaze at youthful dreams!

The Blue Earth (Minn.) Post. *Margaret Durant.*
"The Post Chaise," June 25, 1936.

GARDENING

Why do I love all growing things
In garden plots where rings
My busy spade
Or hoe?

I plant fresh seed, each has a germ—
With love, I press it firm,
Where it will root,—
And grow.

I love the soil, God gave a lease
To me, to give me peace.
Re-fire my heart
With glow.

I watch the tiny greening heads
Peep through the garden beds,
A miracle,
I know.

God only asks I do my best
In this a garden test,
But guides me when
I hoe.

Edna Vaughn Black.
The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.
"Golden Windows," March 12, 1936.

INFLUENCE

At the end of the day, as you ponder it o'er,
And remember the things you have done,
Perhaps you regret you have not proven more
Of a blessing to some needy one;
But if from the record of that busy day
It appears you have honestly tried
To bring others gladness in unselfish way,
You may feel, after all, satisfied.

If a comrade has gained inspiration or cheer
From a happiness-seed you have sown,
Or a frightened companion has overcome fear
From a courage you maybe have shown,
If a pilgrim has artful temptation withstood
From effects of your teaching or creed,
You may be well assured that the record is good,
And your life is a blessing indeed.

LeRoy Huron Kelsey.

The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.

"Golden Windows," June 25, 1936.

LIFE'S MEANING

Their wedding seemed a weird and tragic jest,
For she was eager, beautiful, and slim,
While he was homely, poor and rather grim.
Throughout the church, it seemed that every guest
Was staring at them, puzzled and distressed,
Incredulous that any luckless whim
Should bind her frail and vivid youth to him
Whom she had singled out from all the rest.

Her husband is a man of power, now . . .
Not time alone could make such startling change!
A million men have followed where he led.
She helped him reach his goal, of course, but how?
Her answer and her smile were very strange:
"I knew that he was starved for love," she said.

Rehge L. Rolle.

The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.

"Golden Windows," February 13, 1936.

LOVE SEES THE BEAUTIFUL

(A Rondelet)

Love is not blind—
It sees the beautiful. To show
Love is not blind:
It carves upon the heart and mind
A precious living cameo
Of beauty, faith and honor. No,
Love is not blind.

Florence McKean.

The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.
"Golden Windows," September 17, 1936.

LOVE TUCKED AWAY

Deep in a mound
Of cherished thoughts
I tucked your love
One day.
With laughter
On my lips
I lightly ran away.
I sang
In fields of clover bloom.
I danced
On star-dust to the moon.
While sea green waves
Beneath turquoise skies
Hummed enchanting lullabies
I found that I
Had lost your love,
The love that I
Had tucked away.
But was Love lost
Or did Love stray
Into the harbour
Of another heart
The day
I ran away?

Aileen Whitelaw.

The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.
"Golden Windows," November 5, 1936.

SINCE YOU CAME

So long a time I walked Life's silent street
In blindness, searching for some unknown thing,
The days crawled slowly by on noiseless feet—
I saw them not, nor ever heard them sing.
My heart was never beauty-overpowered,
To me each day was like the rest, a dim
And haunting ghost, where joy, when once it flowered,
Turned then to dust, and vanished like a whim.

But one day, stumbling without thought or will,
Unseeing, groping on my weary way,
I felt your steady hand . . . my heart stood still . . .
And looking up, I saw the shining day!
Now any sunset is not less than flame,
Nor dawn than gold, Beloved, since you came.

Mary Lee Chartier.

The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.

"Golden Windows," October 29, 1936.

THE CALIFORNIA POPPY

The poppy wears a dunce cap.
Oh, won't you tell me why?
Her leaves are frills of lacework;
Her bloom a sunset sky;
She spreads a feast of pollen
For bee and butterfly.
But yet she wears a dunce cap!
Oh, won't you tell me why?

Myrta Fenton.

The Bonner Springs (Kans.) Chieftain.

"Golden Windows," July 25, 1936.

A LITTLE WIND

A little wind ran down the south,
It took away the shiver
The cold moon left behind last night,
It rippled down the river.

It held within its vagrant arms
The souls of sleeping flowers,
Then gently, gently dropped them down
In fragrant, misty showers.

But then the little whispering wind
Sighed low, and broken-hearted
It threw its kisses all about
And then with tears departed.

Katherine Washburn Harding.

The Boston (Mass.) Herald.

"Top o' the Morning," October 6, 1936.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is like a hearthfire burning:
A softly glowing place apart,
Where one from outer chill returning
May pause awhile to warm his heart.

The Brainerd (Minn.) Dispatch.

Irene Hansing.

"Poet's Corner," March 2, 1936.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE

When human skill and calm endurance failed,
And each endeavor met with hopeless loss;
When courage lagged and tempting fears assailed,
You thought of One who once had borne the cross.
Brave, ragged men must march with bleeding feet;
You found a Judas, too, who would betray;
Your wisdom fought against a forced retreat;
Your patriotic heart sought help to stay.
Must human heart forever pay the cost,
When Selfishness and Greed refuse to yield?
Could that brave siege at Valley Forge be lost?
Injustice died on Freedom's battle-field.
You must have known that God was waiting there;
You brought your broken heart to Him in prayer.

The Brainerd (Minn.) Dispatch.

Evelyn Byrnes.

"The Poet's Corner," April 4, 1936.

WHITE COTS

Long days and longer nights . . . rows of white cots
Where men lie quietly or sit and read—
Just average old-young men you'd say, whose thots
Are most concerned with simple daily need.

A chair, a small steel locker by each bed,
A pipe, a picture brot from home, a book,
And trifles here and there that love has led
Someone to place where weary eyes may look.

Perhaps their reverie with battle rings,
With clamorous dawn on Chatteau Thierry wood,
They never say—they talk of simple things,
"You'll see the game today? I wish I could!"

"I'll fold some gauze today, Nurse—might as well,"
"The mail man gone? I should have heard from
home,"

War seared his form and tossed aside the shell,
Death drained the glass—but left the brittle foam!

No slumber here with tired body weds,
Night brings but wakefulness . . . to these white beds.
The Brainerd (Minn.) Dispatch. Dana Kneeland Akers.
"The Poet's Corner."

FAIRIES AT SUN-UP

Early in the morning, home the fairies run,
Shoes worn out with dancing, fiddles wet with dew,
Dainty rose-leaf garments wilting in the sun—
Never say "Good morn to ye," they'll put a spell on
you.

All the night they revelled while the cold moon shone,
Now the dusty morn is here the piper wants his pay,
Never say "Good morn to ye," they'll snatch your
purse, ochone,
Throw a penny at his feet and shouting fly away.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette. Beulah May.
"Let Us Sing," June, 1936.

SUNSET PARADE

Like caravans on desert sand,
Bright-coloured, broken-ledged, they spanned
The long horizon of the west,
Moving, apochryphal, on quest
Unknown to us, perhaps to them,
Their footsteps making requiem.
"Whither?" I cried, but they were mute,
Strange images, irresolute,
Of shadowy substance, multiform,
Born of the sun and air and storm.

There's no return; new figures shall
In order longitudinal
Pass other evenings on the sky,
Making a newer pageantry.
Still I shall challenge, still receive
No word but what the wind might give.

Virginia Taylor McCormick.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette.
"Let Us Sing."

OVER SLANTING ROOFS

The hush of evening creeps like music over
The slanting roofs of homes where children rest
And over the meadows purpled with swaying clover
While the sun is a lantern swung on the door of the
west.

Always the music creeps through the twilight glamor
Where the winding river's cloth of gold is spun,
Subduing the rush and whirr of our man-made clamor,
Making the borders of dream and reality one.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette.
"Let Us Sing."

Lucia Trent.

A DOG KNOWS

When he first strode into my yard
With marrow-bones and scraps of meat,
And laid this treasure at my feet,
My heart beat to a faster chord.

His voice was like the morning wind
Upon my nostrils when I race
Long reaches in a rabbit chase;
The sun grew warmer when he grinned.

He knew the dancing of my blood
Because he loved; and I so well
Sensed him my friend I had to tell
Him that I also understood.

If he should come again some day
When I am blind and stiff of limb
And old, I will remember him.
A dog knows more than he can say.

The Brazil (Ind.) Gazette.
"Let Us Sing."

Alex R. Schmidt.

SAINT HELENA

Mother of Constantine, your constant need
Was the true Ruler, was the King of kings.
Contemning regal and all temporal things,
Imperial prerogatives and greed,
You sought the root and symbols of our creed
And found them, after pilgrim wanderings,
Where first the New Law grew, where still there sings
The jubilant message from that primal seed.

Helped by Jerusalem's Bishop, Macarius,
And by a convert Jew, in cluttered pit
You found the Holy Cross and Sepulchre!
In these the troubled days that sorely try us,
Pray we but glory in His Cross, by it
The world to us be crucified, we to her.

The Catholic Tribune.
November 22, 1936.

Benjamin Musser.

THE NIGHT CREEPS CATLIKE

The velvet footed night has come to lap
The water of the river; now she shies
And leaves the pebbled bar; a ragged gap
Is torn in that great ceiling of the skies
And moonbeams slant upon the river's breast—
The sooty night has sped across the knoll.
Night loves a sky without a white star best
And hates a yellow moon in midnight's bowl.

The night loves cats; the blacker cats the better;
The night loves bats and owls and kindred kind.
Just let the north star wander free of fetter
And the moon shine; then bat and owl are blind.
The night hates orbs that light the river's brink—
The night creeps catlike to a stream to drink.

Jay G. Sigmund.

The Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Gazette.
November 15, 1936.

ADOPTED

I heard the children quarreling
Among my roses down below,
One voice had that metallic ring
That pounds the heart like woe:

"You're only just an adopted child!"
They shook their mocking heads at him—
He smoothed his silken hair and smiled,
I listened, my eyes were dim:

"Adopted, yes, and I am glad,
For I was chosen, you just came."
His voice rang true, and was not sad,
"Selected—that's no shame."

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Grace French Smith.*
"Choir Practice."

BLIND GIRL

He pitied me profoundly
Because I'd never seen
A bit of red or yellow,
Nor knew what he could mean
When he talked of blue and purple.
So I said, "I have learned in books
Of the molecule, and atom.
Now tell how an atom looks."
And I asked when I heard him laughing,
"Oh, it doesn't make you sad?
Well, I've never seen a color,
And yet my heart is glad."

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.

Kate Butler.

"Choir Practice," September 11, 1936.

THE STRANGEST THING

How strange your being moved away
Beyond this finite reach of light;
But stranger still, you have not passed
One tiny atom from this sight.
I worldly grow, and seek to dream
Of realer touches on your hand.
I see, across, your vacant chair,
And wonder if you understand
Just how I know your heart is here,
Or how I talk to you a while,
Just how I see your eyelids move,
And thrill at times I see you smile.
And wondering, stranger than the rest,
Although a lonely tear may fall,
I think what heaven means, for ever
Having loved your soul at all.
How strange it is! To understand
Would ever mortal ken suffice?
To know you is to love you more,
And loving you is paradise.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.

Pen Edward Watson.

"Choir Practice," May 8, 1936.

THE WORD

Where seamless waters were as glass
One threw a stone. A silver ring
Shattered the smoothness of the pool
With its continued widening.

One tossed a cruel word within
A trusting heart. As on the sea,
Circles grew in circumference
That reached love's farthest boundary.

The pool forgot the stone as soon
As the silver ripples died away;
But love remembers the cruel word,
Its memory circles the heart each day.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post. John Richard Moreland.
"Choir Practice," October 10, 1933.*

I NEVER ASK WHY

I never ask the bloom of orange
To really tell me how
It can distill its fragrancy
From every verdant bough.

I never ask the jasmine spray
To see its roots in earth;
I only judge that lovely plant
By its aroma's worth.

I never ask the songs of men
What heart they claim as home
For I might learn, to my dismay,
It is a catacomb.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Sand Dune Sage.
"Choir Practice," April 10, 1936.*

MY LITTLE BOY

The moon illumines with ghostly light
The house across the way;
Why is it still, and why so hushed?—
A little boy has gone away.

A little lad that had loved the fields,
The trees and golden weather,
A little boy who met with death
And they went away together.

I do not know the distant fields
To which the lad is gone.
I only know he went away,
And the house is still and lone.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Mary Pollard Tynes.
"Choir Practice," November 13, 1936.*

IN A CITY POSTOFFICE

All types of earth's humanity are found
Within this loneliness of marble walls.
The thud of heels that echo down the halls
Is all that breaks the silence. Not a sound
Of voices. Each upon his mission bound
Seems eager to escape the noisy calls
Of life, and even those who pen their scrawls
At crowded desks but seldom glance around.

And yet, by common urge each one was led
To send a message or to claim some word;
Each one has felt the thrill of glad surprise
Or known lost dreams and blighted hopes, instead.
And as I watch them there my heart is stirred,
For I am one of them—I sympathize!

*The Charleston (S. C.) Post. Martha Lyman Shillito.
"Choir Practice," May 8, 1936.*

IN THE NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS

Now new-ploughed mountain knolls are red,
Magenta shading to a hue
Almost of crimson. Soon a spread
Of green will hide these color tones,
Will dye the mountains emerald-blue,

Will make gay, gnome-like hats of hills;
 Except perchance the bald knob held
 By Lige, who always waits and tills
 His soil the last, as inertly
 He drives a plodding mule compelled
 To plough his upright mountain knoll.
 Reluctantly one leg goes down
 To meet a lower row, pays toll
 In weariness; but straight on through
 The row he goes, then turns around;
 His long, tired leg shifts sides and then
 Becomes the shorter one. His life
 Is one of ups and downs, but when
 The sun sinks far below his feet
 He seeks his cabin and his wife,
 And takes his blessing then of God—
 His food claimed from the conquered sod.

The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer. *Mary B. Ward.*
 "Charmed Circle," May 24, 1936.

TO RUDYARD KIPLING

"Over the world and under the world,"
 Where the dark line meets the blue,
 When you took the walk to the end of the world,
 Say, did the trail run true?

The tired heart to the setting sun,
 Foot on the crumbling ground,
 When you slipped the tether that held you here,
 I wonder what you found.

"Morning waits at the end of the world,"
 "Light of our tents," we take
 The curving line of your patteran
 While the slow dawns break.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Sadie Seagrave.*
 "A Line O' Type or Two."

THE SOLIPSIST

If others passed he knew not.
Within his proper sphere
He had no time for trifles
(The time is shortened here).
For charity no feeling,
For love, sardonic smirk,
Beauty unappealing,
His query 'Will it work'?
His tenses knew no future,
He lived for present things,
No pinions to lift fancy,
He clipped incipient wings.
Self was his only doctrine,
A hedonist of note,
He's booked for single passage
In Charon's ferry boat.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune.
April, 1936.

Clarence Milligan.

SCULPTURE

Give me a clearing
Of land—make it wide!
Time it with twilight;
On every side,

Let objects dwindle
Until the whole sky,
Conscious and cosmic,
Is bared to my eye!

So I may chisel
A word—with a sigh—
Slowly on heaven,
The word being WHY . . .

Richmond George Anthony.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune.

"Line O' Type or Two," July 8, 1936.

BROKEN DROUGHT

Let us go forth to greet this sudden shower,
Our faces lifted to the pelting rain.
Young we shall be, and gay! In one brief hour
The foolish bud of Hope shall bloom again.

Too long, too long, our faces veiled and shielded,
Have looked to earth in fear of wind and snow;
Only concerned with roofs and walls that yielded
The dank consuming mildew that we know.

What if our somber garb should tear and splatter?
What if the lamp of Dignity should snuff?
One thousand years from now . . . it shall not matter.
The salt of earth has shaken long enough!

*The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.
June 24, 1936.*

AN ADVENTURE

Some curious little snowflakes
Impelled by impish glee,
Slipped just inside the window
To see what they could see.
But the adventurers soon felt
An ogre's fiery breath
And they became so frightened
They cried themselves to death.

*The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. Milly Walton.
"Wake of the News," February 8, 1936.*

COUNTRY DUSK

Coolness of evening slips across the hill;
The woodland holds within a purple hush
Remembrance of a lyric miracle:
Astounding sweetness of a hermit thrush.

This was a day of blessedness of toil
Along bright hedgerows, down the sunswept fields—
A day of pride and mounting thankfulness
For burnished bounty that the harvest yields.

Now dusk falls softly on the weariness
Of man and beast; and in a vast content
They watch the pleasantness of day recede
Into a night of star-hung wonderment.

Lucile Hargrove Reynolds.

The Christian Science Monitor.

July 25, 1936.

THE WAY OUT

Once I made acquaintanceship
With old Mrs. Grundy.
We sat and gossiped by the hour
Of secrets, state and sundry.
We thought the powers should abdicate—
A time-worn witticism;
We'd straighten out this tangled world,
By long-tongued criticism.
It didn't work. Then Conscience said,
As we sighed in dejection,
"To make folks better, compliment,"
That's reform in the right direction.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Pauline Johnson.

MOSAIC

They said her life was beautiful,
Naught in it was prosaic,
That every task was made an art
And patterned like mosaic.
They could not know the brightest gleams
Were cherished bits of broken dreams.

Ruth Winslow Gordon.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

A SMALL PATIENT MEETS PAIN

She's such a little girl, but then
Her courage is quite tall!
I wonder how such fortitude
Finds room in one so small!

Sometimes she whimpers just a bit;
I've seen her fingernails
Seek small white palms of trembling hands,
Yet courage never fails.

And when she meets a great big pain,
Though tears well in her eyes,
She bravely presses tight-shut lips,
Oh, no, she seldom cries!

What matter if her frame be frail,
Let frailties not be blamed;
While courage such as hers endures,
I turn away, ashamed.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. *Jessie Farnham.*

VIVA, LADY SUNFLOWER!

Viva, Lady Sunflower
In your yellow gown,
Trimmed with shining sequins
And broidery of brown.

Once you were considered
But a common flower;
Now you are a princess—
Clothed with regal power!

So, in this great nation
Where all men are free,
Do the sons of labor
Rise to regency!

Lida Keck-Wiggins.
The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

LINES TO A PRESIDENT

If indeed you are our master,
Then but minions all are we,
And an ultimate Disaster
Has struck down Democracy;
Bunker Hill were best forgotten,
Gettysburg go in eclipse—
In their honored stead the rotten
Panoplied dictatorships!

Learn then what a sovereign people
To a servant would impart,
Flinging it from tower and steeple,
Chanting it in field and mart;
By our campfires' watchful gleaming,
By the songs that smite the blue,
By our striving, hoping, dreaming,
We are masters, and not you.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Clark B. Firestone.

ONCE WORDS INTRIGUED ME

Once words intrigued me;
I followed after
Gray words for sorrow
And bright words for laughter.

Each thought new-born
Must be instantly fitted
With a word garment,
Else was I outwitted!

Values have changed
With life's changing demeanor;
Silence now seems to me
Subtler and keener.

Words bind the thought
Close to earth, like a fetter—
Silence gives freedom,
Silence is better.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. B. Y. Williams.

OBSERVATION AT A PARTY

I never saw anything
So ineffectual
As a dumb-bell trying to
Be intellectual.

Ruth Palmetier Highley.
The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

THE CITY'S HEART

(On Behalf of the Cincinnati Community Chest, 1936)

I

Warm is the City's heart, broad is its kindly breast;
Its arms reach out to all its stranded and distressed;
Disasters of its people trouble now its rest.

II

The commerce-laden river still chants its ancient song;
Unto the Seven Hills increasing splendors throng;
Great streets with their stores and their towers are
 haunts of the brilliant and strong;
Birds fill the sky with carols, careless of ills in the world;
Banners of beauty are flying, by gracious winds unfurled;
Tireless, the sovereign sun sends down its generous light;
The constant stars and moon emblazon the deeps of
 night,
And Nature's wondrous face eternally is bright.

III

Machinery's iron lungs are roaring in chorus loud;
Smoke of enterprises hangs over like a cloud;
All seems prosperous in this City proud.

IV

Listen! Deeper than clamour of the din-full streets,
This uproar, clatter and clangor an under-murmur
 meets;

It is the mighty City's somber, rueful moan
For all its blighted ones whose joys today have flown,
Women, children, men and their despairing plight
That quenches for them the Sun and makes the midday
night.

The City bows its head and covers its face to weep
For all its denizens who know not hope nor sleep,
Tossed as on shattered ships upon the stormy deep.

V

The City ponders long, grieves the drear nights through,
And thus its proclamation what its hands can do:
"Into the town's dense swarm, ambassadors shall go,
And in all streets and lanes their trumpets they shall
blow,

That with abounding largess coffers may overflow.
I'll send them to tell of sorrows that thunder in our ears,
Of scourging arrows deadlier than in past evil years,
And urge on men and women, in love to fellow man,
To measure their resources, and share them as they can,
To stint their pleasures nobly, and that their souls may
live,

As princes, royally, unto the utmost give."

VI

(The City commissions its Ambassadors of Mercy.)

"Go and your chivalry will wake in the hearts of men
The like old chivalry, for such wins like again.
Under hardened surfaces, nobleness ever lies
Tenderness ever dwells beneath the coldest eyes;
Trust the goodness in men; go forth, and be ye wise.
Witness and proof of kindness are hid in steel-clad
breasts;

With you, O Soldiers of Mercy, this fateful Cause now
rests.

When your campaign is over, come back to me with
gifts;

We will rejoice together until the roof-tree lifts."

Calvin Dill Wilson.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star,
April 22, 1936.

THE KING IS DEAD

A shadow descends on the ivied wall;
In the ageless splendor of Windsor Hall
Majesty sleeps!
The arm of sorrow a realm can span;
For a gentle sovereign, a kingly man.
All England weeps.

Helen Darby Berning.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

CURIOSITY

To think not farther than I see,
Oh, such a life would truly be
Not difficult to live for me.

But I must try to see afar,
To climb a hill, to pluck a star,
To peep through doors left slight ajar!

*The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Jessie Farnham.
March 2, 1936.*

THE TROOPS

They were jubilant
Marching down to the ships. They set out
With smiles, lighted cigarettes, kisses flung
'Mid doughboy nonchalance. The crowd saw them go,
And saw them come, months later. The same crowd,
Waving its flags, ringing its bells, blaring its bands
For this fleeting glamour.

But they were different
Marching up from the ships. They swung mechanically,
Their souls resurrected with the fallen,
Their lips still pursed by the Martian task
Of tearing sabers drenched in brothers' blood from man-
gled bodies.

Haunting specters of earlier folly,
Shells of monuments to a past that is best forgotten,
Forlorn breathing skeletons
Buried in a living populace
Like girdled trees in a buoyant woodland.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Walter W. Appel.

URGENCY

I have a need of silence—
Of silence and the rain
With its age-old alchemy
Of solace for pain.

I have a need of quiet—
Of quiet and the stars
With their calm down-pouring
Of healing for scars.

I have a need of solitude—
To be absolved of crowds;
To lay my heart on earth's heart;
To look upon clouds;

A need to find anemone—
Pale immaculate wraith,
With its ancient miracle
Restoring lost faith.

*Minnie Markham Kerr.
The Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer.*

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART

An understanding heart
Is one that questions not,
Nor chatters idly of the times;
But in silence walks along
And weeps if there be tears,
Or sings if there be song.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. Jane McKay Lanning.

ENVY

Of all the human faults most dire
Envy reveals subconscious mire,
With roots embedded, coiled, in fear
Serpent-wise, fancies danger near.
And, when aroused from sluggish dreams,
Paints shadowed truth for what it seems,
Fear not its spews of maliced hate;
Self-lack, self-love, there allocate.
He poisons only his own veins
Who jets the wounds for others' pains.

Florence Ralston Werum.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.

"The Poet's Corner," August 3, 1936.

LOSS

Together, we have watched the glow of sunsets
And pearly mornings, newly washed with dew;
We have known the green of springs and gray of
winters;
Each joy and sorrow through the years was shared by
you.
All our hopes and dreams were bound together;
Your fears whispered, trembling, to my fears . . .
Then the angry words were dropped between us
Like a curtain, shutting out the years.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.

Esther Weakley.

"Poet's Corner."

SONNET

I cannot walk this dreary way alone—
The gentle slopes that lured seem steeper now.
The snow-capped crest gleams white. I should have
known
I could not climb unaided to its brow.
I should have known my feet would quickly tire
Or guessed that soon the path would grow more dim.
Instead I sought the glow of distant fire
Far out upon the gray horizon's rim.

Where have you fled who walked with me at dawn?
So many miles I knew your guiding hand . . .
The way grows steeper now since you are gone,
I wander lonely through a barren land,
Hoping when I have reached the sunset's flame
To hear your sweet voice whispering my name.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. *Robert Schreffler*
January, 1936.

DESERTED HOUSE

You are an old gray house—
 Too old for song;
And like aged men, you have grown tired
 Of being strong.
The waters lash your sides
 When tides are high;
Deep shadows wrap you in their gloom
 Where willows sigh.
Your masters are no more
 Who turned the soil,
And left but whiffs of clover-bloom
 To mark their toil.
The years have stilled the chant
 Of women's prayers—
Is that the wind, or just the creak
 Of rocking chairs?
Where is your laughter, song,
 Old houses know—
Is that the rain, or tiny feet
 On paths below?
You are an empty shell
 Of things loved most,
Still, these enchanted walls reveal
 The usual ghost;
Your specter stalks and waits
 For those who roam,
But they will never come again
 To call you—home.

Theressa M. DeFosset.
The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.
January 9, 1936.

STATUE OF LIBERTY

(Its Significance After Fifty Years)

Figure divine, upon your pedestal,
With torch uplifted to greet the approaching world,
Standing for freedom and the rights of man,
In spite of poisoned darts by critics hurled.

You offer to men and women of every clime
Chance for a living, and the wage they earn,
Happiness and security for the oppressed,
Opportunity for the ignorant to learn;

And everywhere a place of worship lifts
High above earth a spire against the sky,
Anyone who desires may enter there,
And no man interferes, or questions why.

There is no other figure in any land
More closely bound to a people's fate;
Golden the sun that shines upon your head—
Golden the span of years we celebrate.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mamie C. Knepper.
"Verse for Today," November 13, 1936.*

AFTERWARDS

You said when evening came and shadows lengthened
And darkness blotted out, for you, all things . . .
I must have courage, my heart would be strengthened
My faith be given wings.

And I am brave (though tears will rise unbidden)
Through days grown meaningless and overlong;
Deep in my memory your words are hidden
And they will keep me strong.

But when the day is done and dusk's pale light
Is folded, softly, in the sunset's flame;
Across the darkness of the silent night
My heart cries out your name.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Virginia Eaton.

TRAGEDY

We stood beside an ornamental wall
Topped with a row of shapely urns
That let a showering mass of foliage fall
In swaying sprays; long sword-like ferns
And graceful vines. You smiled and talked with me—
My gown was satin shimmering white,
Designed with Grecian draped simplicity;
(I never can forget that night!)

Your voice was low, your happy words were kind;
Then there was tenseness in your breath—
How could I know you were to illness find
So soon, and keep a tryst with death?
I little knew your words and parting kiss
Was a farewell my thoughts must write
In pain through years, for the remembered bliss
Of one outstanding, love-crowned night!

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mildred Schanck.
"Verse for Today," September 10, 1936.

A TROUBADOUR CAME ALONG

A gay troubadour came singing my way,
A happy and rollicking tune;
Of horizons far and a bright guiding star,
A troubadour drunk with the vintage of June.

A gay troubadour came singing my way;
Came singing of byways fair,
Led me away from the cares of today;
To the foot of a gleaming stair.

A gay troubadour sang—"Climb with me,
Yonder a rainbow gleams."
I followed the song o'er a roadway long,
To a rendezvous with empty dreams.

Arta L. Nottingham.
The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.
"Verse for Today," August 31, 1936.

LIVING POETRY

We did not know that fate would bring
You to my heart to make it sing,
Nor that the comfort you can give
Makes music in my soul to live,
Through sunshine, shadow or through rain;
Smiling I greet each dawn again,
Glad for your love, your faith in me—
You are my living poetry!

Mary Schanck Golden.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.
"Verse for Today," October 6, 1936.

EPITAPH

There was cool water in the pool
Which would have healed my heart that bled,
But my sorrows were so heavy
I drowned myself instead.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Elsie Ireland.
July 7, 1936.

HANDS

Wee baby hands soft and white,
That smooth your cheek or brow:
Slender hands whose finger tips
Affirm a sacred vow.

Hands that bear upon them marks . . .
By sacrifices scarred—
Knotted, hard and worn are they
The beauty of them marred.

Precious hands! Though they may be
Helpless now and old—
The hands whose deeds stand mightier
Than silver or fine gold!

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Ethel Titus Worthen.
"Verse for Today," November 19, 1936.

THE SACRAMENT

Your fingers touched the organ keys,
Caressing to and fro,
And soft strains floated soothingly,
So sad, yet sweet and low,
And trembled over broken bread
And wine of ruby glow.

As each one at the altar-rail
Knelt down in secret prayer
A wondrous grace filled all the place
With radiance, pure and fair,
And awesomeness shone in each face
That humbly bended there.

With hands, unsteady, each took bread
And from the cup, the wine;
Tear-toned the pastor voiced our plea;
Noon sun-beams bathed the shrine,
And music soared like incense swung
From hands, at once, Divine.

Then suddenly, before each loomed
The cross on Calvary,
And came these words from His own lips
"Do this remembering Me,"
But sweeter were His undertones
That came to you and me.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Jessie Chandler.*
"Verse for Today," July 26, 1936.

DIADEMS

Some would wear a diadem
Inlaid with pearl and gold
But others ever wear the gem
Of thought, from beauty's mold.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Naomi Evans Vaughn.*
"Verse for Today," July 27, 1936.

WHEN SILENCE IS GOLD

Experience has taught me to keep still,
And not express my inmost thoughts until
Some one does really need them—
For the good which they may do;
Or, someone truly seeks them—
For a clearer point of view . . .
Such silence is a precious thing, I find,
For keeping peace and love amidst mankind.

Experience has taught me to keep still,
And not combat against another's will . . .
Since arguments change no one's mind,
I've learned to guard each word
And keep my thoughts in silence held,
Lest unkind ones be heard . . .
Experience, to me, this truth has told:
'Tho speech be silver, silence oft is gold.'

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Katharine Neal Smith.
"Verse for Today," April 5, 1936.*

ICONOCLASTS

The youth today are bold iconoclasts.
What dreams, what visions fire their souls to break
The images that time in shadow casts,
The worn-out idols age would not forsake?
These tarnished idols lie in fragments now,
Torn down from niches where age thought them fixed.
In their great pile of musty bits, somehow
The image, life, so crushed, is strangely mixed.
Age storms at youth, but youth craves something more
Than cobwebbed images, outgrown and small—
They want their idols greater than before,
That will adorn new niches, wide and tall.
With new-born visions caught from God on high,
Youth breaks the images of days gone by.

*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mabel Raymond.
June 14, 1936.*

LOVE HAS ITS SEASON

Love has its season, just as the year.
And with as much reason, sunshine and tear.

Love's spring is bright and gay, passionate, tender
Love's summer blooms in fulfillment and splendor.

Love's autumn ripens affection made truer
By years of devotion which now will endure

Through cold storms of winter like a bare tree,
Asleep neath the snow with spring's memory.

Martha Bolton Agler.

The Columbus (Ohio) Hilltop Record.
"Poems from the Hill."

SUPPLICATION

May I never be too old
To thrill with each bright spring;
Too bitter to echo in my heart
The song the thrushes sing;
Too selfish to reciprocate
Kind words and friendly smile;
Too foolish to appreciate
The things that make life
Worth while.

Claudia M. Adams.

The Columbus (Ohio) Hilltop Record.
August 7, 1936.

HAPPINESS

Happiness
Is not knowing
How the other half of the world
Lives.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. *Lexie Jean Lowman.*
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events," May 22, 1936.

BIG BUSINESSMAN

No one would guess that behind the stern grace
Of his dignified mien,
And his air of assurance discounting all shadow of
doubt,
That a touseled-haired lad with an innocent, jam-
besmeared face
Stands on one foot, trying to brazen things out.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. Alice Larson.
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events," July 21, 1936

CHARITY

Today we feed the hungry
On charity and bread;
And house the homeless, knowing
They do not beg a bed;
While the soul is crushed and starving
Within the living dead;
And starved of self-respect,
And the right to earn its bread,

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. Magda Brandon.
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events," Aug. 21, 1936

HELPMATE

I tell you all my formless thoughts.
They are like cool mist
That only serves to dampen
The surface.

You take them
And weave them into patterned plots,
They flow from your pen
Like pouring rain
That saturates.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. Gertrude Grymes Smith.
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events."

ELIXIR OF THE HILLS

I strive to reach the hilltops and
My threadbare self renew
With soothing balms of nature, that
Are fresh with heaven's dew.

I mount—the fetters fall from me
That gird to common ills—
As courses through my jaded veins
Elixir of the hills.

Once more I'm free, unbounded faith
Renewed and vision clear
Triumphantly, I face my task
With zest to persevere.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events."

Bess Truitt.

NAIKED CRITTERS

Ize 'zamed all de twos and twos
Whut entered Noah's ark
An' notice dat de fashion run
Frum cotton wings to bark.

'Cept bugs, does day love armor?
I rise to say da do!
An' birds! da shines der fedders
Lack shine boys shines a shoe.

When wintah spiled de green fig-leaf,
No ole houn' pallets, suh,
For Moses say God dress em up
In bran' new suits ob fuh.

But now dare's naiked critters,
Look at de moltin hen
An' dat new corpra'tion
Includin' gals and men.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events."

E. Martin.

THE CAVALCADE OF TEXAS

Spectacle of the ages—
This pageant "Cavalcade"—
Four centuries of truth review
How an Empire was made;

Enduring pangs tried human hearts;
Despite the Red Man's stealth
Texans transformed a wilderness
Into a commonwealth;

The faithful priests on mercy bent
Were oftentimes found at midnight hour
Soothing pain and broken hearts
And pointing to a Higher Power;

Men of many States and races
Forged ahead, nor questioned why—
Gazing far into the future
Theirs it was to do or die;

Mothers—wives and sweethearts, too,
So fervent, brave, serene,
Fighting a battle in their hearts,
Where battles are fought unseen;

There is stern old Andrew Jackson,
Who called a spade a spade,
Matched with the wit of Houston
Made difficulties fade;

Our gallant Sam rides bravely forth
Commander of the fight,
Convincing all in stirring words
"Texas is in the right!"

The cowboy chants to his longhorns
While night winds softly moan;
A lonely but a royal life—
His saddle a kingly throne;

Hard-riding men, the rangers bold,
Go forth on dashing steeds—
Ever on the firing line
To meet their country's needs;

A glorious land this Texas!
With legends and with lays—
O'er her have flown six brilliant flags
That tell of vanished days;

Blest privilege mine to help portray
Foundations broad and deep;
I don my old sunbonnet blue—
Rejoin the cast—the tryst to keep.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. *Jessie Duval Crites.*
Oak Cliff Edition.

THE LAME MAN

There's a little old man who walks with a cane;
He smiles at the sun and he smiles at the rain,
He isn't good-looking, though looks isn't all;
When folks need a friend, on him they may call.

He gives good advice that helps folks each day,
He shares in their troubles; he shares in their play,
He makes kiddies happy through kindness and love
And tells them of blessings that come from above.

He tells us he knows that his days here are few;
He's trusting in God and right he must do.
He isn't good-looking, though looks isn't all—
When folks need a friend, on him they may call.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. *Cecil Brown.*
Oak Cliff Edition. "*Parade of Events.*"

PROGRESS

It used to be on rainy days
 We loved to loose the ribboned fetters
And breathe the musk of long ago,
 From faded ink of attic letters.
It's different now on rainy days.
 We paint our nails and go to fitters,
We listen to the radio and smoke
 And drink cocktails and get the jitters!

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. *Frances Elliott.*
Oak Cliff Edition. "*Parade of Events,*" Feb. 28, 1936.

THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING!

The King is dead. Long live the King!
America, why do you start
At hammer beat of words upon the anvil
Of an empire's heart?

Why do you pause and pay respect
When aging monarch's light has failed,
Then lift your voice in swift salute when youthful
Sovereign's torch is hailed?

For you, imperialism holds
No awe. No mother tie remains.
You bow because a good man lies in state,
Because a good man reigns.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal. Marie Barton.
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events," Jan. 24, 1936.

THE SYCAMORE

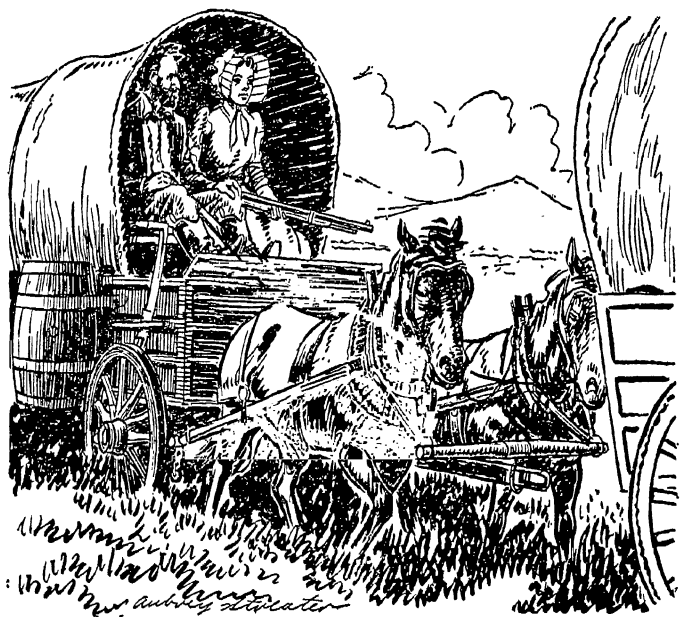
Down the old river road
Near the waterfall
Grew sycamore trees,
Stately and tall.

The moon swings low
Beyond sycamore trees,
While the wind gently blows
Through the silvery leaves.

Down the old river road,
Where the sycamore's bending,
There my thoughts and my heart
Are forever wending.

Memory now is
A silvery stream,
But the sycamore trees
Are a part of the dream.

Minnie McCrary Northcutt.
The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.
Oak Cliff Edition. "Parade of Events," Jan. 7, 1936.



Drawing by Audrey Streater

TO THE BUILDERS OF THE SOUTHWEST

The wagon trail has crossed its last divide . . . today
the foothill on the desert stands like a grim visaged
pioneer looking . . . ever looking into the future.

The pioneers . . . homesteaders . . . empire builders . . .
were men and women who made worlds . . . we
only live in them.

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.
April 17, 1936.

William Allen Ward.

LIKE TREES THAT REACH

Like trees that reach long hands up to the stars,
We try to grasp perfection every day.
I wonder—does a tree grow weary, too,
Because the stars remain so far away?

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.
“*Life is Like That.*”

Edith N. Kranebell.

WHAT?

Things really precious are given us free—
Nature's beauty, true love, song and laughter;
Yet we often ignore them as onward we rush—
I wonder, just what are we after?

The Dallas (Tex.) Journal.
“*Life is Like That.*”

Edith N. Kranebell.

CALL OF THE HILLS

The cares that fret, the foolish fears,
The city's trite turmoil,
The rush and ruse, the grind of gears,
And leaden heel of toil
All shrink to naught among the hills
Where seraphs lavish scenes,
Uncamouflaged by tawdry frills,
Behind the sylvan screens;

Where suasive songs of hermit thrush,
Of catbird, and grosbeak,
Replace the mountain's morning hush
With dew still on her cheek;
Where friedly fir and spreading spruce
With soft pinnated leaves,
Beneath their boughs, on nimble looms,
A kindly carpet weaves;

Where sloping sward at eve is gowned
In shadow lace profuse
And crowned in solitude profound
As tranquil night ensues;

Where moonbeams trip across a lake,
The resting place of streams,
And piney-perfumed breezes make
A solace for our dreams.

Forget thy cares and lay thyself
On pine-leaved couch below
The smiling stars where paltry pelf
Decides no *status quo*;
Out where no landlord takes his toll
And common trails are trod;
Where thoughts are born that raise the soul
To fellowship with God.

The Deseret News.
November 27, 1936.

Edward R. Tuttle.

A FACTORY GIRL

She dreamed of a small white house
With shutters painted green,
A husband to love and care for
And children smiling and clean.

Of willow dishes to wash
And rooms to set in order,
Hollyhocks by the door
And a curved perennial border.

But seven in the morning,
By a whistle's scream,
Sets her to sewing . . . sewing . . .
Seam after tiresome seam.

And the grim monotony
Of the long monotonous days
Is slowly killing the dream
A hundred sordid ways.

The Detroit (Mich.) News.
"Radom Shots," November 6, 1936.

Rebecca Helman.

ALAN SEEGER'S INAMORATA

Should I behold her strolling through the May—
The maid who caused young Seeger's heart to race—
Then I would screen myself, as might a fay,
To scan, unseen, the look upon her face;
And note just how the sunlight touched her hair,
While yet I marked the rhythm of her toes,
Assured that song would burst upon the air,
From throat of lark or lonely vireos.

She gave her lover only virgin sighs,
Yet rivaled, in his heart, the love of war,
And when he answered frenzied battle cries,
Her fair, inspiring vision went before . . .
What spell was hers? I wonder if she knew—
And does she envy death his rendezvous?

The Detroit (Mich.) News.
"Random Shots," July 1, 1936.

Fan C. Smith.

TOKEN

To you who cannot see the dragon-flies
Poised motionless above a still green pool;
Nor see a sudden swallow dip and rise,
And dip and sail away; nor feel the cool
Of evening stealing down from quiet trees;
Nor hear a homing heron weirdly call—
To you who are deprived of joys like these,
I bring this simple token of them all,
This fragile blue-flag from beside the lake,
With all these memories trailing in its wake.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. *Cecil Rives Dudley.*
"Random Shots," April 28, 1936.

STREET CAR SCENE

She always has a tawdry book—
The girl across the aisle—
She never spares the lad a look,
But reads on all the while.

The youth across has not a chance,
In vain awaits a hint.
The girl is blind to real romance,
Content with that in print.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. Will Henry Eldridge.
"Random Shots."

BURNED CORNFIELD

I saw him turn the mellow clay
Upon that giant knoll:
I watched him plant upon a day
When song was in his soul.

I know his faith in loam was strong:
His father owned these fields
And though the years were lean and long
There always were some yields.

The corn came marching straight and green,
I never saw it better:
The rows went uphill lush and clean
With weed and pest in fetter.

He smiled at choring time; his team
Was harnessed with the dawn:
His body earned a harvest dream
With this to ponder on.

He smiled as days went rainless; when
The signs failed in the sky:
Worry might be for weaker men;
Day after day went by.

Still he could whistle at his rounds
As days spread on ahead:
Did he not have a wife; two hounds
And fodder in his shed?

Three weeks I have not seen him grin—
The pasture hills are brown:
The oats were good; he brought them in—
He mowed his clover down.

For days I have not heard a bar
Of any whistled tune:
Each night is clear with star on star
And a yellow burning moon.

That field which was his greatest pride
Withers beneath a sun:
What matter if a field be wide
When it offers chaff to one?

Jay G. Sigmund.

The Dubuque (Iowa) Telegraph Herald.
August 11, 1936.

SHADOWS ON THE LAWN

I do not rise as housewives should, when I awake at
dawn,
But play truant from my pots and pans, and lie so very
still,
And through my window watch the sun come up behind
the hill.
And I watch the hill throw shadows. . . Then I wait
until
It touches the orchard—the pear trees tall,
Growing just outside the old rock wall—
Making shadows—long and tapering; long shadows on
my lawn.

And at noon when dinner is done, and chairs round the
table drawn
For the menfolks, I play truant again, and for the south
corner I'm bound;
To the big magnolia;—tall and stately, and so perfectly
round;
With sturdy limbs and thick green leaves, to me
a-reaching down;
And I stand in the shadow—dark and cool;
Just stand and dream; like a poor old fool—
In shadow—round and deep; . . . round shadow on
the lawn.

Then I hurry through the evening meal; and when the
men are gone
To a meeting, or to the store to gas, and I'm once more
alone,
I drag my chair to the south-west porch; and listen to
the drone
Of bees a-settling for the night; and watch a bird just
flown
To roost. And as the sun sinks in the hollow,
I watch the shadows from an age-old willow;
Shadows—fairylke and lacy; fairy shadows on the
lawn.

And as I sit so peaceful, and dream of another dawn
In which I shall awaken—when my earthly course is
run,
When I've put away the dishes; and my work—for man
—is done;
I think, of all who've gone before, there could not be
one
Sorrier to leave this beautiful world. . . .
And I breathe a prayer:—in that new life unfurled,
May my soul, Lord, find its resting place—in the
shadows on the lawn.

Julia Daingerfield Glass.

The El Paso (Tex.) Advocate.
March 27, 1936.

WINTER

The Winter with its desolate gray sky
Will creep for months along this barren hill,
And soon the bitter winds with icy chill
Will moan and whistle through the trees near by.
We feel content with all the world shut out
To while away the hours before our fire,
We do not mind if drifts of snow pile higher,
As puns and jokes about the circle flout.
At morn the changing world through frosted pane
Reveals the mystic sparkling beauty of the snow
Upon the pine trees and the plains below—
Majestic-like in splendor—Winter's reign.

The Enid (Okla.) Events.
December 10, 1936.

Theresa D. Black.

TOWERS OF STRENGTH

We sometimes see a tower, where it stands
Upon some hill, or on a mountain side,
Or in a valley, green and fair and wide;
We see them here and in far distant lands.
From base to turret, strength they all display,
And glisten when the sun breaks through the cloud;
They courage lend, when disappointments crowd,
To dwellers there or pilgrims on the way.

The church, the school, the place where friends have met,
Are towers of strength and courage and good will,
Whose memories remain about us yet,
Whose influence or wayward fancies still;
And we may see, though eyes with tears be wet,
A Tower of Strength upon each Rugged Hill.

The Enid (Okla.) Events. Alice Sutton McGeorge.

THEY SIGNED THE ARMISTICE

Again there comes the tramp of feet, the sound
Of trumpets, beating drums, and ruddy men
In khaki uniforms march on, so young,
So brave and eager to endure and die,
That war should be no more.

Machine guns, bombs, the infernal poison gas,
Thin out the ranks. Still others fill the gap
And facing blinding fusillade, move on
To kill the foes they meet and do not hate,
That war should be no more.

There comes a roaring lusty cry: "They signed!
Comrades, The Armistice, The Armistice!
The war is over, we have gained the peace!
Shout! shout! comrades, The Armistice is signed!
That war should be no more!"

*The Enid (Okla.) News. Emilie Zesiger Blattler.
November 11, 1936.*

THE SCENT OF LILACS

The scent of lilacs, fragrant, haunting, sweet,
Is like the soul of spring, itself, set free
To wing its way on winds of perfumed ecstasy;
Only at last, to die and fade with summer heat.
O Lilacs, you are more to me than choicest meat
Or rarest drink. Your purple blooms have instantly
Brought all my long lost dreams back home to me,
And made them, somehow, like yourself . . . complete!
How God in that First Garden must have loved you;
Loved devising each exquisite flower and blending
You just so—until at last He knew
That when spring came around He would be sending
This balm of scented lilacs drenched with dew
That tired, aching hearts be made more comprehending!

The Fairmont (Minn.) Sentinel. Dorothy Bladin Hill.
"With a Penny Pencil," July 3, 1936.

THE RETURN OF JENNY AND MR. WREN

Wee Jenny hen and Mr. Wren
Arrived at home today,
And O! the songs I heard him sing
In rippling ecstasy!

A musical explosion burst
From roof, clothes-pole, and fence,
As he warbled and cascaded
With expressive eloquence.

He dashed for twigs and feathers
To renovate the place,
Since Jenny said, "You know this house
Is simply a disgrace;

Still, you are over-doing it
My dear, so please refrain—
We haven't room for half the stuff,
Just take it out again.

But you may leave the downy things
They'll do to line the nest;
Then run along and get the lunch,
And I will do the rest."

So he scrambles through the wood-pile,
Brings in grubs and spider-legs,
For Jenny's far too busy now—
She's laying spotted eggs.

The Farina (Ill.) News.
April 9, 1936.

E. Lisette Herrling.

FOR MORAL SUPPORT

I wish that Eve had left
That apple be,
Hanging red and ripe
Upon the tree.
For I would like to have
Upon a shelf,
Inside a jar, preserved,
That fruit myself.
Then, if you came to call,
I'd point and say:
"You see, forbidden fruits
Exist today!"

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.

The Fayetteville (Ark.) Democrat.
"Ozark Moon."

FALL OF THE ALAMO

Oh Lone Star State, whose history is told
More colorful and wonderful by far
Than any other commonwealth, you are
A child of fate. Six flags have flaunted bold
And waved above your soil in days of old.
Conflicting factions there have been to mar
Your joy, but beams and gleams your heavenly star,
Lone Star, that glows more bright than burnished gold.
Brave Travis said: "It's death or victory,"
Then waited reinforcements for his men;

Against the hordes brought up from Mexico.
They fought as Spartans at Thermopylae,
And fighting, fought to win or die, and then
For aye, immortalized the ALAMO.

Jessica Morehead Young.

Fletcher's State Rights Farming.

UTILITY

Were there but single thorns
For each bright, dew-washed rose,
A thieving hand would reach
For every bud that blows.

A wise design provides
The briar, prick, and thorn
That there may still be found
Gay blossoms in the corn.

Margaret Ball Dickson.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust."

BEYOND THE DOOR

I thought I could forget our love—
The vivid coloring of days,
The age-old beaten path that leads
No more along familiar ways.

I laid the vibrant flame away
With day-dreams in a holy place
And closed the door of paradise—
Foolish to think I could erase

The memories from our book of life.
You would not stay beyond the door—
The fragrance of a thousand flowers
Breathes of our love now as before.

I thought in time it would not hurt,
I thought I could forget your smile—
Rebuild my life in tranquil ways
And ease the poignant ache awhile;

But love is such a constant flame,
It leaps beyond confining walls:
Foolish to think I could forget—
Beyond the door it calls—and calls.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. *E. Beulah Hauser.*
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust."

BRING ME THE SUN

Come, Spring, dispel the Winter's ice and gloom,
Help me forget those dark and bitter hours.
On thorny bush impale each bit of snow
To grace the barren hills with wild plum bloom,
Festoon the trees with waxen Locust flowers.
Bring me the sun and bid the Winter go.

Harlow's Weekly. *Gwen Hendrickson.*
March 28, 1936.

AUTUMN VESPER

The season's spin now brings autumnal days
Whose sunsets subtly tint, through purpled haze,
October skies; and from the earth there strays
The evening chill:
The amber twilight dims in dusk's dull glow,
Whilst spectered shadows flutter from the row
Of leafless tree-wraiths silhouetted low
Atop the hill.

The deepening darkness shrouds the lines which fade
Midst floating mist that veils, in eery shade,
The browning blackness; and, afar, is made
The homing call:
An awesome silence fills the gloaming air,
A requiem from souls . . . a farewell prayer . . .
To summer's wane; and, then, quite unaware,
We sense the fall.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Edwin Coulson Clark.*
"The Poets' Corner," October 20, 1936.

AND THIS IS CHRISTMAS—1936

Across the world the sound of tramping feet
The noise of bursting shells, the smell of gas
And in the sky the din of bombing-fleet.

While liquid-fire falls down in rain to burn
The good that Man has wrought through centuries;
And terror-stricken now he flees, to learn

How white-robed priests ask God in churchly prayer
The favor of a victory for those
Despoilers who trail the incense of despair.

A Stranger is the Prince of Peace, who came
A Friend to Man to make the whole world glad—
Forgotten now and joy a haunting name.

And this is Christmas! Two thousand years
Have passed since Christ was born in Bethlehem;
And on the earth still fall the flaming tears.

So far, so far, O Lord of Hosts has run
Thy image, Man, who struts the earth and kills
His brother, shouting conquest to the sun!

O, tiny man, your great, important hour
Is but a scratch upon the universe,
Your glories even as a faded flower.

And this is Christmas! Long, long ago
A song was heard upon Judean hills,
Its echo has not ceased ecstatic flow;

Amid the blaring din it's softly clear—
But listen—"Peace on earth to men of good will"
The promise will not fail—if Man will hear.

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times. Martha L. Spencer.
December 24, 1936.*

SILVER SHIPS

Sometimes at dusk when gathering shadows deepen,
Blotting my vision of the harried world,
A fleet of ships spring into view along the sky-line,
Weighted with cargo—their silvery sails unfurled.

Whence they come or where they go I know not,
Nor what they carry or the captain's name.
If I should hail them, would they vanish,
As quietly and quickly as they came?

Not often do they come—frail silver ships—
Still ever with the drawing of night,
I hope to see them sail from out the west,
And slowly pass across the realm of sight.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Ella Christensen.*
"The Poets' Corner," April 14, 1936.

SORROW'S MY LASS

I love Sorrow;
Her shape is dim;
Her voice in the twilight
Croons a hymn;
She has long, pale hair
That is all unbound,
And her feet on the threshold
Make no sound;
At any door
She may pause to knock;
She bears a rose
And an alpenstock;
Mid hills and valleys
Her journey lies,
And no man living
Has glimpsed her eyes,
Or knows the lane
Where her feet shall pass—
But I love Sorrow—
Sorrow's my lass.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Clare MacDermott.*
"The Poets' Corner," February 4, 1936.

MY ROAD

O, set my feet on an open road,
A road that winds by the sea—
Where a young wind blows,
And a wild rose grows,
For that is the road for me!
I care not for the asphalt way,
A way that thousands tread—
Where worn feet ache,
Where torn hearts break
From the fight for daily bread.
But set my feet on an open road,
A road that winds by the sea—
Where the dawn comes white,
Where stars crown night—
That is the road for me!

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Ellen M. Carroll.*
"The Poets' Corner," November 17, 1936.

MY LITTLE ROSE

My little rose is faded now,
It lasted but a day;
Yet, the friend who sent that rose to me
Is in my heart to stay.
It does not take a gesture grand
To warm another's heart.
Simple, kindly acts of love
Comprise the gentle art.

Willa Shultz.
The Huntington Park (Calif.) Independent.
"Contributor's Column."

SONG OF TWO LOVES

Now blest be Love that let my tresses down
And sent me singing into moonlit ways,
That dropped white wonder on a dingy town
And turned into glory ordinary days.

And blest be Life that bound it up again,
That set a seal upon my singing lips,
That clothed my laughter in a cloak of pain
All silver-silence like the sails of ships.

For Love will do what Life must oft undo,
Yet neither by itself is quite complete—
Love in one shining moment gave me you,
But Life has kept me sitting at your feet.

Helen Frazee-Bower.

The Huntington Park (Calif.) Independent.
"Contributor's Column."

LOVELY THINGS

Lovely things
Are not always
Those that flaunt
Their loveliness
Before our eyes . . .
Even now,
My love
For you
Lies hidden
Deeply within,
Under a haven
Of sighs.

Rose Porter.

The Huntington Park (Calif.) Independent.
"Contributor's Column."

MIRACLE

For days the sky was overcast,
It seemed as one oppressed
By grief so terrible and vast
That he could find no rest.

The very trees looked tired and wore
A look of dull despair,
As if too weary to implore
The heavens for further care.

At last, as if in answering
This silent plea of woe,
There came, as from an angel's wing,
The feathery fall of snow.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Star. Margaret E. Bruner.
January 26, 1936.

SINCE I HAVE LOOKED ON AGE

Since I have looked on age with stooped, bent frame,
And sight and hearing going—all but lost,
I feel a dread, a fear I cannot name—
One pays for living at so great a cost.

This I have learned, yet once I gave no thought,
But now I know it for a solemn truth;
Say what you will of age, yet there is naught
Else that is half so beautiful as youth.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Star. Margaret E. Bruner.
October 11, 1936.

HOUR OF TRUCE

The fallow pasture and the stubble-field
Are given to the hare who loves to go
About her brittle domicile. Concealed,
She dares to leave her signature in snow.
The beetle undermines the barren stalk.
Low in the grass the rusty meadow-mouse
Sleeps well, untouched by dreams of plow or hawk,
Warm in its darkened, milk-weed feathered house.
Here is an hour of truce, a time for sleep
Curled down below the biting wind, the frost.
When there is naught to sow and naught to reap
The little creatures find what has been lost.

The song of winter has a dreary sound
Only for those who dwell above the ground.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Yetza Gillespie.
February 6, 1936.

AUTUMN ON THE HILLS

Brightly gleams the wooded hills
Above the sleeping town;
The mellow beams of Autumn's sun,
Where sumacs blaze and creepers run,
Come softly, softly down.

Slowly burns the summer green;
And leaves fall to the loam—
There's ruby ash and scarlet oak,
In stately walnut's golden smoke,
Upon these hills of home!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Ralph J. Donahue.*
October 4, 1936.

DECISION

The myriad lights that marked my goal
Had facets brighter than a star;
Their glamour burned into my soul
And urged me on to heights afar.

As hurriedly I wended through
The crowd who chose the simple way
I paused to bid farewell to you
But not a thing could either say.

Through tears I saw my goal was blurred,
I took your road without a word.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Ara McCay Crull.*

WARNING

(After Hearing Conversation)

If you have a sorrow,
Lock it in your heart,
Throw the magic key away
That tears those walls apart.
Tell no preacher, nun or saint,

Tell no mortal man—
Where you flung that sesame,
Forget it (if you can) !
Never tell a sorrow—
(Except to cryptic stones),
For after you are dead, my dear,
The crows will pick your bones!

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Gene Boardman Hoover.
"Starbeams," June 7, 1936.*

LOST MELODY

A purple twilight lingers o'er the sea,
And from the brooding veil one blazing star
Across the sea path flings a silver bar.
Its auric voice is borne across to me
Upon the wings of some lost melody
For like a lark whose voice is heard afar,
Who wings in flight to sing alone in air,
It sings for you and me love's elegy.
For heaven hears my song and soothes my grief
That never hides its fire thruout the night.
The cool of dawn brings peace and sweet relief,
And noon brings joy—I rise unto yon height
Then with the twilight brooding o'er the sea,
My dreams expiring, die in melody.

*The Kansas City (Mo.) Journal-Star. Eris Goff.
November 12, 1936.*

"HE, AND HIS MOTHER"

"He went down to Capernaum, he and his mother."—John 2:12.

She whispered to him of the need,
There at the wedding feast,
And water changed to precious wine
Before Love's highest priest.

He gathered children in his arms,
As he had seen her do;
And, while their mothers watched, he gave
The Father's blessing, too.

As he went on, from place to place,
Redeeming lives from care,
How often, adding to his grace,
"Behold, his mother there!"

When strong men give their lives to-day
To save the world from woe,
The mother-love is in their hearts
Inspiring them, we know.

The Lake Worth (Fla.) Herald. *Helen Claiborne.*

SWEETHEARTS

At one time we were sweethearts,
When the grass was gemmed with dew,
When the buds of spring unfolded,
And all the world was new;
At one time we were sweethearts,
When all the world was new.

And we were ever sweethearts,
Through all the constant years,
When the cares of life were multiplied,
Smiles mingled with the tears:
And we were ever sweethearts,
Through all the constant years.

What joy in being sweethearts,
In the tender afterglow,
When the step was slow and feeble,
And the head was wreathed with snow;
What joy in being sweethearts,
In the tender afterglow.
We ever shall be sweethearts,

Though a woman walks alone,
For a grave is on the hillside,
Where the winds of winter moan
But we who walked together,
From dawn till afterglow,
Forever shall be sweethearts—
I'm sure God wills it so.

Flora Brownlee Walker.
The Lawrence (Kans.) Journal-World.

SWEET NIGHT

The winds are at rest, the birds are asleep,
The full moon silvers the tree and grass,
The tumult of traffic has taken detour,
The rattle and drone of threnodies pass.
Phantoms inhabit the darkened street
In search of the friends they used to know;
There's a moment for feeling the lucid breath
Of one more night as the problems go.
The silence of night brings a bit of joy
Into the heart after day's singsong;
Where the soft calm hours get close to the soul
And precious the moments that hurry along.
Sweet night brings time to ponder and muse,
And search for the prayer each life shall use.

The Long Island Sun.

Edna Augusta Moore.

"Poet's Corner," July, 1936.

THE QUIET ONE

If she ever ached
To talk about the blue
Canopy of heaven,
No one ever knew.

We who were closest
Were strangers, everyone,
Tho her Bible named us,
"Daughter", "Son".

Even with us
She never voiced a wish
For bird or flower,
Book or dish..

If with loneliness
Her heart was stirred,
If she dreaded dying,
No one ever heard.

We sensed with panic
The years going by
Taking her from us
But we couldn't pry.

The things we wanted
So very much to know
Couldn't be answered
With "yes" or "no".

"Had she been happy
When she was young?"
Never a memory
On her gentle tongue.

But once she said
In her quiet room:
"Back in New Richmond
Lilacs are in bloom."

"The sweet red clover
Grew waist high
When we were children
Your father and I."

Humbly heroic
With no loud beating drums,
She said: "You must take
Life as it comes."

Easy to remember
The few, few words she said.
Over and over
Now that she's dead.

Joy O'Hara.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Saturday Night.
March 28, 1936.

CABIN ON THE RIVER

I've a cabin on the river,
Which holds all my earthly store,
A tin can with a geranium,
And some books of ancient lore;

An old pipe with some tobacco,
A gray cat and yellow dog,
And a battered rowboat waiting
Close beside a rotting log.

Run on, water, run forever,
With your torrents swift and brown,
Thunder, in the night, below me,
Thunder on beyond the town;
There's an ocean waiting for you,
As for me, I am alone
In my cabin by the river,
Dust with wind and cinders blown.

I've a cabin on the river,
With some cornmeal in the bin,
Let the wind blow down the stovepipe,
Let the smoke come swirling in,
I am snug and warm and happy,
I'm a sane and carefree man
With a fiddle at my elbow,
And a well-greased frying-pan.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Times. Mabel W. Phillips.

PIN PRICKS

The little things, the trivial things, that plague us all
day through,
And, oh, the little unkind acts we never meant to do.
The little things, tormenting things, that spoil for us
the day,
And, oh, the little unkind words we never meant to say.

Strength comes to meet the greater grief, a sword thrust
in the heart,
But, oh, these foolish little things, each one a pricking
dart.
May we gain that serenity that comes of thoughts so
high,
These false and futile little things, unheeding, we pass
by.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. Margo Fischer.
"The Rhymster's Corner," February, 28, 1936.

INHERITANCE

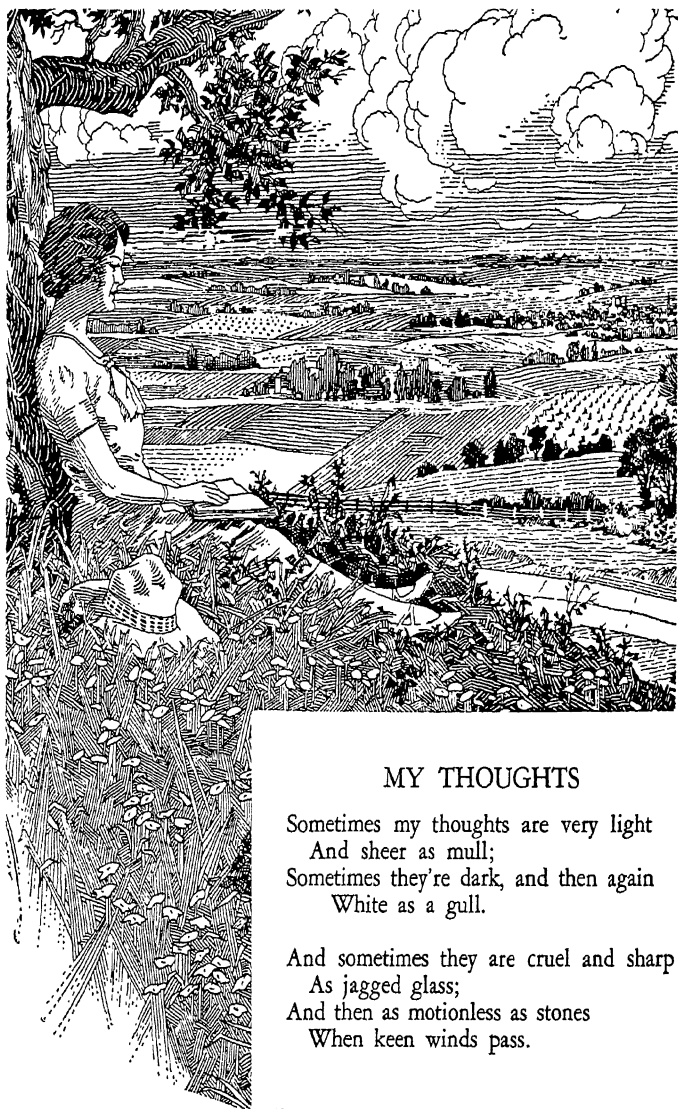
Each clean-washed pebble gives a welcome gleam
As first the sun's warm rays caress my stream;
The ripples sing a low and throaty song;
A leaf bobs greeting as it floats along.
A cardinal lights up the sombre green
And, flashing, darts behind a leafy screen—
I saw his scarlet cloak long months ago
When all the land was blanketed with snow.
Upon the whitened oak a mourning dove
Sounds out his soulful melody of love.

What king, in all his years of happy reign
Could find more joy than I in my domain?
I call it mine, though records there are none
To say that there was such and such a one
Who, for consideration placed in hand,
Had deeded me this stream and flowering land,
But, like one says "my country" or "my friend,"
Possession has no starting and no end,
Yet it is stronger far than seal or word
Could make it; and it cannot be transferred.

And when the trees have put the sun to bed
And clouds have hung its couch with drapes of red,
I shall not mourn the day that slowly dies
And leaves the night with silver-studded skies.
For there's the promise that recurring dawn
Will find my little stream still moving on
To join the wider waters far away
But having left to me another day
Its soothing song; its ever grassy banks
Remain to welcome me—and I give thanks.

The Mount Morris (Ill.) Index.
"This World of Ours," June 5, 1936.

Don Mills.



MY THOUGHTS

Sometimes my thoughts are very light
And sheer as mull;
Sometimes they're dark, and then again
White as a gull.

And sometimes they are cruel and sharp
As jagged glass;
And then as motionless as stones
When keen winds pass.

*The Mount Morris (Ill.) Index. Tessa Sweazy Webb.
"This World of Ours," October 30, 1936.*

A WINTER SCENE

I must conserve the beauty of this day—
The softly falling veil of lacy snow,
That failed to hide the matchless scene that lay
Spread out before my eyes, for who can know
Against what odds he may be called to fight
Another day? I must hold fast those hours
Upon a peaceful hill, the snowbirds' flight
At my approach, the lovely crystal flowers
Adorning every withered bush and tree,
And like a silhouette against the sky,
A cautious, woodbrown fawn that peered at me
Before she leaped beyond my watching eye.
I shall not soon forget the scene that lay
In silver solitude this winter day.

The Nevada State Journal. Josephine Eather.
"Poetic Nevadans," March 27, 1936.

INTERLUDE

Pines for a pillow,
Stars for a light,
Symphony orchestra . . .
Voices of night.

Filtering sunlight,
Spiraling smoke,
Quivering aspens,
Gently invoke.

Deep is my slumber,
Glad are my days,
Riches and learning . . .
Gypsydom ways.

Now and tomorrow,
Static and flow;
Master and servant . . .
I go!

The Nevada State Journal. Bertha Raffetto.
"Poetic Nevadans," September 20, 1936.

MY CATHEDRAL

I enter my cathedral
Through a leafy door,
And I walk down the aisle
On a tessellated floor,
Tiled in a pattern
The forest has made
Of leafage and branches
And sun-checked shade.

My cathedral windows
Are clear azure sky
Curtained with tree tops
And clouds hung high . . .
And scriptures are written
In every tree
In Nature's significant
Calligraphy.

The Nevada State Journal. *Harriet Mills McKay.*
"Poetic Nevadans," October 4, 1936.

THE SILK WORM

The ballroom shone in brilliant glare,
Bright faces clustered everywhere.

The ladies danced in jeweled crowns,
In rich, rare silks and satin gowns.

And on I strolled upon the scene
Of shimmering gowns of silken sheen.

I saw a jokester, holding firm
In his broad hand a small silk-worm,

And with keen joy the worm displayed,
While all the ladies screamed, afraid.

"You scream," he said, "but wear, I see
The product of his industry.

"That humble, harmless worm creates
The gowns for rulers of great states.

"He's ugly—yes; repellant, too,
Without him, friends, what would you do?

"I note you do your own selves preen
On toils of him who dies unseen."

In life poor toilers have the lot
Of being scorned and oft forgot!

Herman A. Heydt.

The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser.
November 19, 1936.

UNTENANTED

Some poets claim they harbor
A tiger in their breast;
While others say inside of them
A bird has built its nest.

Some claim a pulsing ocean,
And some a Penny Show,
But what I have inside my heart
I do not care to know.

I'd like to boast of something . . .
But I do not forget,
That hearts which are most wanted
Are those that are—To Let!

The New York Enquirer. *Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.*
August 30, 1936.

THE HERALD

I shall see him in the morning, in the wild tumultuous
morning,
When he gathers from the corners, from the corners
of the earth,

The north wind and the south wind, and the east wind
and the west wind,
To herald forth the wonder and the beauty of her
birth.

With his trumpet he shall waken, all the sleeping things
shall waken,
Till the music of her coming, of her coming shakes
the trees;
In his young and haughty splendor, he shall make the
earth surrender
And the old world do obeisance to her advent on its
knees.

I shall see him in the dawning, in the blue and lovely
dawning,
When the winds stand hushed and waiting, each one
waiting in his place,
Till he lifts with gentle fingers, with his gentle, clumsy
fingers,
The little downy blanket from the flower of her face.

The New York Herald. *Erene Angleman.*
"The Conning Tower," March 30, 1936.

ASCENT

Upon the sands of old defeats and losses
We build the spirit's iron-breasted gain.
Strength dearly bought with scars and bleeding crosses
May forge the triumph youth could not attain.

The New York Sun. *Stanton A. Coblentz.*
June 11, 1936.

GROWTH

Within one hastening season, weeds may grow
Tall as a man; then wither, droop, and die;—
While oak-trees that for years are slight and low,
At length wax giant-limbed and castle-high.

The New York Sun. *Stanton A. Coblentz.*
October 10, 1936.

FABLE FOR PROUD WOMEN

A woman had a lover long ago,
A deity of very clay, and yet
Her fancy lent him virtue, made him glow
A luminary painful to forget.
Her adoration was a foolish thing,
As she, herself, when rational, could see;
Despite idolatry, her pride would sting
Through her defenses like a nettled bee.

So long ago that woman lived, she could
Have been another creature from the shade
Who wears her flesh with scornful hardihood,
Her idol overthrown, her pride allayed.
A slave she was, in bondage to a vow,
Yet something whispers, happier than now!

The New York Sun.
September 15, 1936.

Louise Crenshaw Ray.

PRAYER FOR A PLAYHOUSE

Sunshine, come softly here.
Breezes, be mild,
Rain, stay your ravages;
Dreams of a child,
Fragile and delicate
Past all repair,
Beg you for clemency;
Nature, take care!

The New York Sun.

Elinor Lennen.

THE STAR AND THE LEAF

Watching a rising star in the autumn darkness,
Marking it graze a roof and slowly climb,
Suddenly a single leaf on a treetop
Hid the golden world from me for a time.

How small a thing to obscure so vast a brightness!
For all that the star shone forth in a moment more,
A trifle had screened from my eyes a great resplendence.
But this, alas, has happened to me before.

The New York Times.
November 15, 1936.

Adelaide Love.

FANTASY

Oak leaves, clinging
To a limb, somehow
Have gathered snow
Throughout the night
And hold it tight;
Like blossoms in the spring,
I trow, they look like
Dogwood waving on a bough.

The Northeast Breeze.
January 16, 1936.

Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.

HOME LOAN

Do you think one could get a short-time loan
To repair life's old house of crumbly stone
In a garden walled high with memories,
Where Autumn has painted the thinning trees?
It has lost the quick grace of other days,
But the windows are bright, and warm sun-rays
Filter through casements, cast shadows thin,
Of the light without and the light within.

I could ease the rattle in rafter joints,
I could prop up the walls at various points,
Do you think of a place where one could borrow
For a limited time surcease from sorrow?
Make slight repairs as a gesture to fate,
Till the tenant be called to abdicate.

The New York Times.
May 26, 1936.

Anne Southerne Tardy.

THE SHY CHILD

She is but five, with beauty for her need;
And through the cracks that line the high board fence
She watches shyly as I dig and weed.
I spoke once to her and she vanished. Hence
I weed in silence, knowing all the while
That sweet eyes watch. A cookie through the crack
Is all that I have ventured. Not a smile
Or single word of "much obliged" came back.
The cookie rested quite a while before
A little hand stole up and took it down.
I'll keep my heart of mother-love in store
For some day when a smile supplants her frown.
More cookies through the fence, and flowers too,
Will mark the days, till some time she will be
My little friend with laughing eyes of blue,
Who'll even speak a word or two with me.

The New York Times.
June 16, 1936.

Helen Maring.

GEORGE V

The King is dead!
A man must be
More than man to be a King!
Interpreted
His legacy
Soon becomes bewildering!
How could one dare
To try to bear
The burden of an empire great
Or e'en assay its bold estate.

The King is dead!
What tragedy
Fells the stalwart! He has been
The one who led
Most royally
Yet a humble sovereign.
How hard to bear
How hard to spare

One so beloved, and who with grace
Has honored well his English race.

The King is dead!
Farewell! But free
May his peaceful spirit bring,
When bowed our head
In memory,
Ever greater comforting;
And carry on
The marathon
At home and over every sea
Whose shores acclaimed His Majesty.

The Northern Tribune.
February 7, 1936.

Charles A. Heath.

STAR SHOWER

(August 11, 1936)

We climbed the hill that wondrous night
To watch the meteors play
As, speeding in ethereal flight,
They left the Milky Way,

To sail across a star-lit sea
In flash of startling light,
Above the tallest redwood tree
That graced the velvet night.

Came, swiftly crossing from afar
Where steadfast planets glowed,
Fleet messengers from star to star
That lined the heavenly road.

Some darted swiftly, dropping down
Their star-tipped arrows bright,
Like jewels fallen from a crown
They gleamed through mystic night.

Past Jupiter, and Vega, high,
We watched them overhead,
Arcturus caught one passing by,
One to Antares sped.

Another, swifter than the rest,
A flame-tipped arrow flew,
And, scintillant, with eager zest,
It pierced the Sickle through.

And why they came, and whence they came,
No human creatures know;
Ask of the Master; His the flame
That lit the passing show.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Bessie I. Sloan.*
"Poet's Corner," August 23, 1936.

TRAILER HOUSE

Home is now wherever a highway leads,
By mountain lakes, by glistening ocean sands.
Cities are but passing, brilliant beads
Threaded along the roads of many lands.

The world is ours to wander and explore;
We know the redwoods' dim, majestic shade,
The desert's mystery, the rocky shore,
Home is wherever tempting roads are laid.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Bernice Carey Fitch.*
"The Other Fellow," September 2, 1936.

THE GHOST

Suddenly I saw the ghost!
Oh, yes, I did!
Then a thin grey wrap was thrown
And it was hid.
Then again appeared the face—
'Twas very pale,
Yet there was a lovely light
Behind the veil.
O lovelit Moon, what is more sweet
Than when Sir Fog you shyly greet?

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Rosalie Childs.*
"Poet's Corner," August 2, 1936.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY CAKE"

All day long in a warehouse,
Loading up the ten-ton trucks.

Alarm goes off at half past five,
Feel so sleepy I'm scarce alive,
All day long I must push and strive,
Loading up the ten-ton trucks.

Pulling hard on a greasy rope,
Rolling barrels down a slope,
Stacking a hundred crates of soap,
All day long in a warehouse.

Lifting more than my strength can bear,
Heeding shouts of "Hi! you there!"
Sometimes feel that it ain't quite fair—
All day long in a warehouse,
Loading up the ten-ton trucks.

Once I read a poetry line,
"The soul of man needs something fine
Or else it perish." . . . Well, here's mine.

'Twixt home and work there lies the Bay,
And I may cross it twice each day.
How sweet the breeze on a night in May!

Sunset pours through the Golden Gate,
Or the moon hangs low like a copper plate,
On the hills so brown and desolate.

Waves go singing past our ship,
Crystal drops like a fountain drip,
All too soon we reach the slip.

All day long in a warehouse,
Loading up the ten-ton trucks.

But oh! the stars as I cross the Bay,
Or a lone gull's flight at dawn of day!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Josephine Naas.*
"The Other Fellow," June 8, 1936.

LONESOME

There are doors I dare not open
And you away.
There are spots I pass with quick step
Nor ever stay.
The rooms where you have lingered
Ache vacantly.
And all the small familiar spaces
Mourn with me.
The drawers that held your clothes,
The empty hook,
Where your coat hung, and even
The half-read book
In which you left a place mark
Are vocal, too.
They cry that they are joining me
In missing you!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

Vera White.

"Poet's Corner," October 25, 1936.

APRIL INDOLENCE

Poems are more expertly lived and breathed
Than written! When the earliest ardent day
Of April persuades me with a pale-wreathed
Vine, as a wordless lover might, to stay
A while, and thumb my dog-eared Keats,
I yield; and watch through heavy-lidded eyes
The haste with which a nervous bird completes
Her nest. The sun compels my languid sighs
And glints along each blade of grass, and then—
The country quiet so serenely still
Is shattered by a boastful cackling hen—
And I, of indolence have drained my fill,
And now refreshed by crystal air return
To routine household tasks without concern.

Grace Graham Minard.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

"The Other Fellow," April 29, 1936.

I AM NOT OF THE EARTH TONIGHT

The stars have flung dust in my eyes
I am blinded;
I am a night beggar.

The moon has poured me fool's wine
I have sipped too freely;
My head is giddy.

The silence of the night is broken;
Faintly I hear the caress of grass,
Blade touching blade.

I sit beneath a willow tree
And fling my thoughts to the night,
Like pebbles cast in a pool.

Am I of the earth tonight?
No no no.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Leonard Cooper.*
"The Other Fellow," May 2, 1936.

SMOKE

The smoke of my pipe curls high tonight,
As I smoke and dream by the fire-light
Of tumbling seas where Clipper ships sail
And the song of a Chinese nightengale.

From the smoke of the fire it seems to me,
Comes the scent of the lotus from over the sea,
And I dream again of dragons and jade.
Enchanting visions that glow and fade.

The sound of a temple bell comes down,
On winds that blow o'er some ancient town.
In rainbow circles my thoughts take flight.
The smoke of my pipe curls high tonight.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *George B. Pratt.*
"The Other Fellow," March 28, 1936.

GRAY DAY

Draw fast the shade
And mask the gloom—
Light yellow candles
In the room.

But wait—a leaf
Fell to the earth,
And left a trail
Of scarlet mirth.

A gold bird sang
A melody—
And lo, this day
Was made for me.

Throw wide the shade,
There is no gloom—
A scarlet leaf
Lights the room.

The Ohio State Journal. Hazel Shinn Krumm.
"Rhyme and Reason," October, 1936.

I MET A BEGGAR

I met a beggar on the street today,
And only I heard his silent cry;
He walked alone and he asked no alms,
Walked alone with unseeing eye.

Shod and clothed in a regal way,
Fed and wine to the manner born—
Yet, I met a beggar on the street today,
Cold and hungry, ragged and torn.

The Ohio State Journal. Selma Hamann.
"Rhyme and Reason."



TO A BIRD AT DAWN

O bird, that stretched your pinions to the day,
Your rest was undisturbed throughout the night;
With head beneath your wing you wait for light
Unmindful of the fountain's mist and spray.

The cloud-framed moon moves slowly down th sky
To sift her beam-dust on a dew-wet wing;
Aeolus sweeps his wind harp, whispering:
"Awake; the sun will soon be soaring high."

You lift your head—a flood of joyous song
Tells all the world that night takes down her stars,
Calls in the moon and drops the purple bars,
For to the day, both earth and sky belong.

The Ohio State Journal.
November 22, 1936.

Theressa M. DeFosset.

THE MEASURE OF MAN

The strength of man is measured
In brawn he may possess;
But he can claim the laurel,
Whose heart shows tenderness.

A man is marked courageous,
Who dares a bayonet;
But standing for conviction
Shall mark him braver yet.

Surveying mortal metage,
The worthy and the dross,
We view man's perfect stature,
The length and breadth of a Cross.

The Ohio State Journal. *Ethel Johnston McNaught.*
"Rhyme and Reason," August 11, 1936.

THE PRESS

Blender of news, you should be glad for your
Fine strength of word to live when flesh is dead—
To wake and speak for you when each small man
Has passed away. All mortal flesh, I've read,
Is merely rot. Printed words laugh at time,—
And deepest in the heart of writer lives
The fount from which all talent flows to sea
Of completeness—insight to you, God gives!

So write on—let enemies see and weep,
For beyond time you shall live while they sleep!
Flaunt your gaily forged pride, "high white blossoms!"
Flesh may deal with passing man, who to care?
But in words run lightly through your fingers,
Who more strong to conquer—say, who dare?

The Oil City (Pa.) Derrick. *Zoda E. Anderson.*

A LITTLE CHILD ASLEEP

The night is drawn by a star
When Mary will lie at rest
Within a straw-lined manger,—
No other home confessed.

The winter night draws near us
When Mary's hope is ours,
The same as Joseph's faith
Those silent, lonely hours.

Mary's hand found Joseph's;
The Child, asleep by then,
Did not know when all the world sang
"Peace on earth, good will to men . . ."

For He slept in peace and knew no fear;
The Son of Mary, with Joseph near.

The Ontario (Calif.) Outlook. James Neill North.

THE MAN WHO WORKS

The man who works with hand and brain
Will come into his own again,
And stand upright among his kind
And swiftly like the fleeting wind,
Relieve himself of stress and pain.

And what cares he for falling rain
When his good ship rolls on the main,
Directed by his hand and mind—
The man who works?

When he has traveled down the lane,
And slowly sung his last refrain,
His heart and soul will be enshrined,
And all his virtues there combined,
While heaven's angels entertain
The man who works.

Organized Labor.
September 5, 1936.

Henry Polk Lowenstein.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY; ITS SIGNIFICANCE AFTER 50 YEARS

Accustomed to colossal things,
Majestic scenes, and brilliant lights,
The careless crowd may fail to sense,
Or crave essential human rights—
The right to life and liberty,
The right to work, relax, and play,
The right to think, speak, promulgate
Convictions cherished every day.
America, you sensed that need,
France, you embraced and held it rare,
And cheerfully designed and gave
That SYMBOL so commanding there.—

Enlightening all seeing eyes,
Impressing all responsive hearts,
Inspiring mortals everywhere
To seek all Liberty imparts.
For Fifty Years your strong, right hand,
White-flamed, uplifted to the skies
From whence God's master lights shine forth,
Has brightly blazoned for all eyes
From lands afar, on crowded decks,
A bonded host with hearts hope-set,
Has bowed and worshiped at this shrine,
Scenes, witnesses can not forget.

Tho crushed beneath unnumbered ills
At home, abroad in every land,
This long-craved liberty inspires
All men through that Uplifted Hand.
Cast down that symbol if you will
The Governments involved disband;
But LIBERTY flame-visioned there
For fifty years thrills every land.
It grips the common mind and heart,
It wins and sways by God's decree;
The welfare of the human race
Shines in that light for liberty.

The Oxford County Citizen. *Rev. William Wood.*
October 29, 1936.

AND IT SHALL BE

A woman's hand needs strength for many things.

The hand that holds the child and guides the man
Must beckon him from aimless wanderings
And set his foot upon a larger span.

Her eyes must see beyond the present need,

And vision higher paths as yet untrod.

Her song of faith must be a living creed;

Her dreams must be the steps that lead to God.

The Oxford (Pa.) Press.
July 15, 1936.

Eugenia T. Finn.

WITH STILL MORE LEISURE

What shall 'our children' do with leisure?

Already lost in deathly pleasure,

They who become not much enthused

Lest pampered, excited and much amused!

What shall the future harvest be?

Mothered without tranquillity,

Puppets of fate that take their fling,

Victims of chance in everything;

Throwing away all happiness,

Lost in fear of loneliness;

Wooing a liquored cigarette,

Recklessly playing at roulette,

Crazily spinning the wheel of life,

Leaning on props which fall for strife;

Pinning their hopes on fancy's flight

Whirled in the jazz-crazed arms of night:

Empty, their soulless, stolid eyes

To the need they cannot realize,

Joy which is never bought or sold

Such as no bondaged-heart may hold.

Must they then suffer beyond all measure?

What shall they do with so much leisure!—

Even before their gold is spent,

Victimized in environment!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.
"Talespins," August 8, 1936.

Paul Jans.

A SQUARE DEAL

We want a square deal
For men who will work;
We don't want a dole
To help idlers shirk.

We want a square deal
With plenty to share;
Where each has a chance,
And the game is played fair.

We want a square deal
That all may enjoy,
A straight, honest deal,
That naught can destroy.

We want a square deal
To make people smile,
To give them new hope,
To make life worth-while.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Grenville Kleiser.*
"Talespins," July 17, 1936.

THE DRY CYCLE

The prairie's demarcation has
perplexed man long in vain,
But dry and rainy cycles have
inscribed an answer plain,
Assigning grass to prairie lands:—
The forests need more rain.

The Indian loved the forest; he
with simple Indian brain,
Had never tilled the prairie sod;
but white men plowed for grain,
And sacrificed our fertile soil
to feed the hurricane.

A cycle came, calamitous
to those who loved the plain;
The cynic sun, with subtle power
to parch the land, would deign
No answer, if he ever heard
the white men's prayer for rain.

The Indian loved the forest; he
preserved his own domain,
And so the leaf-mold made a mulch
to store the surplus rain,
But white men razed the forest; then
made desolate the plain.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Stella Lavina Olson.*
"Talespins," July 16, 1936.

HUSH!

When great cathedrals chime, there is a hush
About me as when gathers thick the gloom
In dreaded hours. Or, as when fades the blush
From skies as day goes to her nightly tomb.

Though crowds be all about, I hear no sound
When rapt I stand before a master's art
That with soft eloquence, but all profound,
Brings but the pulsing of my throbbing heart.

When solemn situations bring a pause,
As when a prayer for some poor soul is said,
Silence but lends a depth to all the awes
One feels when standing by the newly dead.

Yet never do I fonder silence know
Than often comes with morning's sacred hush,
And little sizzling sounds come to and fro
To tell me she is out there frying mush!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Vernon L. Smith.*
"Talespins," October 23, 1936.

PRIMROSES IN SUMMER DUSK

When sails grow dim with fading blue,
And wavelets kiss the quiet sand,
While vagrant, healing zephyrs woo
Reaches of the placid land,

Primroses grace the dimming light,
Unfolding to the evening star.
Their smiles are for the dark-plumed night;
Their hue was gathered from afar.

For these bright-eyed and golden flowers
Were spilled from out a crescent moon—
Gems for summer's dusky hours,
Shy and sweet—and gone too soon.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.
"Talespins," August 3, 1936.

Fan C. Smith.

LINES ON BUILDING A GARDEN

Like the soft fingers of a girl
Caressing her lover's hair,
The breeze picks up a leafy curl,
Laughing and playing there. . . .

There in a garden of new-born dreams
That will shadow with spreading trees,
Softened with light of pale moon beams
And age with memories;

And there my love and I will go
Through pathways, down the years,
Seeing the garden lift and grow
Blossoms for passing biers.

Then we shall walk, one day, as ghosts,
Through the paths as sunset flames;
Our shadow hands shall clasp the hosts' . . .
Our trees whispering our names.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Ruby Pearl Patterson.
"Talespins," July 13, 1936.

SLOPE

I am lying naked on the side of a hill, that is the Earth,
looking out at the setting sun, its rays flowing in
upon me; looking out into spacial vastness, through
which Earth, our mother and our graveyard, is
ranging with its orbital motion.

I am flat upon the hillside of time observing endlessness.
I am finite, I shall die here, but this does not stop
me from contemplating, from my lofty position,
the procession of the aeons from which we come,
into which we go.

Evening clouds sometimes partly dim the sun's light;
crickets are chirping; flies and mosquitoes buzz near
me; a bee or some kindred insect flies swiftly by;
cicadas are singing;—a few minutes ago down in
the sensitive ferns a chewink, little fearing me,
exposed itself on the ground; now, by bending my
head, backwards, crown down, I can see the under-
parts of a black-and-white creeper hopping along
a limb . . .

William Sheppard Sparks.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.
"Talespins," January 15, 1936.

RUDYARD KIPLING

"E's sleepin' out an' far tonight" the Color Sergeant
said—
And now the whole world sorrows, for it's Kipling who
is dead—
In flesh, but not in spirit for his lines will keep him
green
In ev'ry marchin' Tommie's heart—in every British
scene.
His "dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the
bay"—
With its lilt and quick-step rhythm troopers' packs were
made to sway.

He taught the army laughter with his gay and tellin'
 wit,
 Pokin' jibes at regimentals and the Brass Hats, in a skit.
 His Gunga Din is a proverb . . . a bloomin' con-
 science prick
 Whose "better man than I am!" will make a piker stick.
 Just ordinary language . . . lines for ordinary men
 Till your heart was fair to breakin' over Hell and
 Gunga Din.
 May he rest amid his laurels. Could he hear the dead
 march play,
 I know he'd chuckle over goin' Danny Deever's way.
 I'm not meanin' with dishonor, but with nations wipin'
 eyes
 And regiments that love him more than men can realize.
 For theirs tears are swords of merit for the passin' of
 a man,
 A soldier and a poet who has reached the Master's
 span.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Muriel Jeffries Hurd.
"Talespins," January 29, 1936.

THE QUEEN MOURNS

The throne room fills with princes; white with fear
 They gather for Death lays a monarch low.
 With measured tread his soldiers, row on row,
 Surround the splendor of a regal bier;
 While curious subjects, weeping, gather near
 To add their wailing to the castle's woe.
 A whisper sounds . . . then silver trumpets blow:
 "The King is dead! Long live the King!" men cheer.

I hear them shout above his quiet sleep—
 "The King is dead!" My king? My king? My own?
 I draw my veil; I bow my head; I weep—
 "Long live the King!" Another takes the throne;
 And yet it is not true—this thing they cry,
 "The King is dead!" My King? He cannot die!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. Helen Claiborne.
"Talespins," February 3, 1936.

POET AND THE KING

Poet and King! Peaceful they lie,
Clothed in the awe and majesty of death,
While teeming millions watch, who loved them both,
Standing with grieving hearts and sobbing breath.

Poet and King! Great England's best
Have gone together to their great reward;
Each in his sphere has nobly kept the faith—
A weeping world now mourns, with one accord.

O, Mighty Monarch! Gathered with the blest,
O, peaceful poet! May God give you rest!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Emma T. Sisman.*
"Talespins," January 25, 1936.

LOOKS LIKE WE CAN'T MISS

This week our troubles will be o'er.
Each person in the land
Will see great worries fade away;
And all will be so grand.

Then, we'll buy anything we want—
And never ask the price;
For nothing shall we be denied.
And Gee! won't that be nice?

Pay taxes? Oh, forget such things!
They'll be reduced to zero.
With problems solved quite magically,
We'll fiddle 'round.—(like Nero.)

I've listened to all candidates.
Each plan sounds like perfection,—
And offers everything—and more!
So—bring on that election.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Lyla Myers.*
"Talespins," November 2, 1936.

DISSEMBLING

I do not miss him very much—
Except when evening falls
And other women's husbands hurry home
To love and sheltering walls.

Oh no, I do not miss him much
I often wonder why
The nesting dove, when calling for her mate,
Has such a lonely cry.

I do not miss him very much
But then when he comes home,
I wonder how I lived at all, when half
Of me must often roam.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Clara Miller Krag.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
June 21, 1936.

APPRECIATION

This treasure book I send to you—
Its inspiration rare;
The message then will be complete
When you its beauty share.
When you its beauty share, my friend,
And reading, think of me.
No margin notes I interpose
The author's thought to see.

For as I read these lovely words
Your joy seemed linked with mine,
An unseen presence lingered there
In every perfect line.
In every perfect line, my friend,
Though absent, still I knew
In spirit you would find the charm
Of gems, its pages view.

And now it brings an added grace—
You will its mission see;
The message of an inner light,
With rays for you and me.
With rays for you and me, my friend,
Our pathway shall be blessed,
By understanding's sweetest song
The treasure book expressed.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Kate K. Church.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
May 31, 1936.

IN GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

In grandmother's garden of long ago,
Bachelor buttons stood all in a row.
Hollyhocks nodded to the Queen Ann's lace,
Sweet Williams and daisies stood face to face.

When grandmother came to her garden rare
A very large bonnet covered her hair.
No sunburned shoulders did she ever show
Not even a glimpse of her small elbow.

For when grandmother walked out in the sun,
She wore a shawl from finest threads spun
With many a flounce her skirts billowed wide,
A broad ribbon sash hung down by her side.

When grandmother saw a gay cavalier
With face wreathed in smiles and no sign of fear,
His silver shoe buckles, three cornered hat,
Gay colored waistcoat and funny cravat,

There came a new look in grandmother's eyes,
That you would know was not even surprise;
Behind a small fan she half hid her face,
While Hollyhocks nodded to Queen Ann's lace.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Susan C. Cameron.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
June 28, 1936.

FLURRY

So little done, so much to do,
You say your work is never through,
Try leaving out the needless flurry
Although you really have to hurry.

Just do the most important thing
And while you do it, always sing.
Be sure to drop the useless flurry
Although you really have to hurry.

Between two courses, which to choose?
Just one, right now, a duty proves,
So do that one without the flurry
Although you really have to hurry.

Slow down the mad and rapid pace,
Each new demand with calmness face.
Forget the frantic, endless flurry
Although you really have to hurry.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Frances E. Coolidge.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
October 11, 1936.

JANE ADDAMS

How like a flaming torch set on a hill,
Jane Addams' life will shine throughout the years
Though voice be silent, hand of love be still,
The erring ones and those who know life's tears
Will ever see in her Christ's holy will
To show forth love until hate disappears.
Yes, darkened souls she helped to burnish white
And men of different races to unite.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Mabel Raymond.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
January 12, 1936.

PROOF

We are being more considerate—
We are growing more polite.
How do I know that I am right?
Yesterday, a motorist
Did not honk his horn at me,
Did not screech his brakes at me,
Did not scowl his face at me,
Did not make me gasp with fright.
That is why I know I'm right.

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Barbara Miller Smales.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
November 1, 1936.*

THE SWEETEST BENEDICTION

Musing in the twilight shadows
On the days that come no more,
With life's happy recollections
Drifting in against the shore,
To my heart the sweetest, dearest,
When all treasured words are said,
Comes my gentle mother's blessing,
Kneeling there beside my bed:

"Good night, darling; kiss your mother;
Pray the Lord your soul to keep;
May God bless and guide you ever;
Angels guard you while you sleep."
This, the sweetest benediction
Ever heard by mortal ears—
Mother's tender good-night blessing—
Comfort gives through all the years.

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Edwin K. Hurlbut.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
May 10, 1936.*

PLAGIARIST

From the top of a pole that was once a tree,
Come the strains of a borrowed melody.
A Mockingbird, heedless of doing wrong,
Is boldly broadcasting a Meadowlark's song.

From the field and prairie and far retreats,
He makes his recordings for city streets,
And brings them back in his throat to sing
To cement-bound folk who have never known Spring.

He has songs from the migrants of trackless snow,
And songs from the land where palmettos grow,
And songs he ensnared while on fleeting wing
To gladden his land with eternal Spring
When the feathered rovers are far away,
He broadcasts twenty-four hours a day.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Barbara Miller Smales.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
May 24, 1936.

KING EDWARD VIII

(1936

This gallant scion of a noble race,
Who saw no lure in sceptre—jeweled crown,
Preferring tweed to royal ermine gown,
Now rules the British Realm—his rightful place.
His sovereign tasks performs with inborn grace;
Young, debonair and gay—to him renown
Means but the public good. In city, town,
All love him for his generous heart-kind face.

May Wisdom crown his efforts with success;
In King of Britain and her lands afar,
Raise up a Saviour in this world-distress;
Give to the earth a fearless Avatar
With sword of peace, all evil to redress,
And lift the ban of demoniac war.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Anna Maria Wirth.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena,"
February 16, 1936.

CLUES

An air of mystery
Surrounds the bleeding-heart!
When fingers deftly hold
Its coral lobes apart,
A pair of slippers, white
But worn, is plainly seen
Protecting cunningly
A stoppered bottle, slim and green.

Who is the knowing sleuth,
The reader of these clues:
A flagon made of jade
And wrapped in dancing-shoes?
The poet-gardener whose ancient double-art
Interprets all the treasures
Kept within a bleeding heart.

The Paterson (N. J.) Call. Emma Johnston.
"Noteworthy Poems for your Album," April 14, 1936.

MARDI GRAS TONIGHT

The sky is confettied with stars
And serpentine with light.
Someone walks down the Milky Way
And listens there tonight
Above the din of Paradise
For my belated voice;
Someone walks down the Milky Way
Where multitudes rejoice
To search the surging dominos
For my belated face—
I should put on my gay red gown,
My scarf of spangled lace,
And with the click of castanets
And swirl of crimson plaits
Go dancing down the Milky Way
To meet him where he waits.

The Paterson (N. J.) Call. Irene Wilde.
"Noteworthy Poems for your Album," May 6, 1936.

PEGASUS

Lead him from his windy stall
And drive him with a whistling rein,
Whose tail is like a comet's fall,
Whose nostrils are a vapor flame.
Hunter of dreams with golden spear,
Wouldst win thy spurs and battle scars,
Mischance thrust not the hive of heaven
Lest thou unloose a swarm of stars.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Star-News. Rena Sheffield.

A HANDFUL OF MOKIHANA BERRIES

No dreams can ever recall
The fragrances you have cast aside,
The haunting of desire's perfume
Lost between four winds and a tide.

Margaret Scott Copeland.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.
"Oregonian Verse."

THE BROWN PEOPLE HEAR WINTER COMING

(A Mexican Willow Village at Harvest Time)

Good is the hut from the tall, graceful willow
To nest in the short harvest season.
When white winds blow straight from the slumberous
ocean,
And the heart is wild without reason.

Good is a patio built in the sunlight,
Of brush and the withering branches.
When there are babies with brown eyes of wonder,
And mothers need work on the ranches.

Good is the clan life when blue skies are sulky,
And mute earth has taken to talking.
Sweet are the notes of the gay banjo music
When ghosts of the seed souls are walking.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. Ina Draper DeFoe.
"Oregonian Verse."

"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH"

I know He lives—as surely as the flower
Lives with the sun at its awakening hour!

I know He lives—because His life in me
Pulses with promise of eternity.

I know He lives—because I could not live
Did He not lead, and strengthen, and forgive.

I know He lives—because in secret thought
His word of truth is manifestly wrought.

I know He lives—because His thrust of pain
Shows all I counted loss, to be but gain.

He lives—and pain and death lie crucified,
For through man's life in Him, man's sorrow died!

The Portland Oregonian. *Mary Alethea Woodward.*
April 4, 1936.

UNKNOWN TO EACH

The river looked up at the mountain
As it paused awhile on its way;
And it fell in love with the beauty
And the tall, stately grandeur that lay
Like a mantle upon the high summit
To catch the first flaming of day.
But the river was sure that the mountain
Must have loves of its own to pursue—
Perhaps the bright dawn in full glory,
Or a cloud-wisp embroidered with blue.
So it hastened along on its journey,
And the shy little stream never knew
That the mountain was far from disdainful:
That it gazed from the tall tamarind
And proudly viewed its reflection
In the water—apparently pinned!
But the river looked back at the mountain
And it tried to keep step with the wind.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. *Amy Bower.*

OLD MIRROR

Patterned in pristine, classic lines,
A frame with ancient label
Imprisons lovely silver-sheen
Above my dressing table.

In the translucent oval, there
Are dim and shadowy faces
Of long ago; youth debonaire
And age in filmy laces.

A haunting bit of fragrance weaves
About the deep grooved edges
Memories of scented album leaves,
Sweet shrub and lilac hedges.

Elusive crystal glass, possess
Your dear antiquity,
But share, I beg, the happiness
You mirror back to me.

*The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian. Sarah Bonneyman.
"Oregonian Verse," November 1, 1936.*

THE WAILING WALL

We do not have to seek the town
Dear to all hearts, Jerusalem,
To weep a glory trampled down
By time unchanging stratagem;
Each heart is willing senechal
To some old lichened Wailing Wall.

It may be we have loved too much
A tower rainbowed by the sun;
An idol that time's callous touch
Has bruised and humbled. There are none
Who do not weep dark ruins that lie
Beneath a gray or cobalt sky.

With tear-wet eyes we daily pray
For some departed loveliness,

The bronze feet for the feet of clay;
O anguished ones who yearn to press
Life's joy from grief, the sweet from gall;
Your heart, my heart, love's Wailing Wall!

John Richard Moreland.

The Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.

A-MAYING

I will be down when May comes
And all the flowers stray
Among the grass the whole night long
In search of dewy day.

And day will break upon me,
A straying flower too,
That, wandering, has never found
Another day but you!

So I'll be down when May comes
And with the flowers be
Wet with the dew that wakes the day
Of my eternity.

William Walter DeBolt.

The Redland (Fla.) District News.

"Pirate's Gold," March 12, 1936.

SERPENT

She woke up every morning with the dawn
And baked fine cookies, cream puffs, and eclairs.
Each moonlit night they lingered on the lawn,
And she, the temptress, plied him with her wares.

One day she baked a spicy gingerbread—
Just what was in it heaven only knows;
But now she bakes his children cakes instead.
'Twas gingerbread that did it, I suppose.

John Judson Haining.

The Redland (Fla.) District News.

"Pirate's Gold," October 9, 1936.

SO I SHALL WALK

Never in other years has the sea called me.
My place was always in the mountains where
A man could climb! But now, these mountains stand
Too stolid, changeless, more than I can bear
Is their superiority. Now the sea is restless,
Unsatisfied as my own hungry soul,
As inconsistent as my aspirations
That fall and rise and fall short of their goal.

These Spartan hills have little room for weakness,
They are too hard to let the heart forget;
Nunlike they stand above all dreams, all passions;
Here years pass slowly, but do not beget
Peace. The ocean is congenial
With tears, frustrations which the hills despise;
The ocean still remembers weeping anger,
So I shall walk with sea spray in my eyes.
The Salt Lake Tribune. *Maud Wullstein.*
March 1, 1936.

HOME SHALL BE WHEREVER BEAUTY LIVES

Home shall be wherever beauty lives
And loveliness throws wide a hidden door,
A camouflaged and silent door which gives
On to a threshold never known before.

There is a home beside a garden fair,
Containing more than trees and fragrant flowers,
High hopes and fragile dreams find substance there
And Time is servant of the winging hours.

Walls and rooftrees need not mark the place,
For love and charm, with all delightful ways,
Can make a home that knows no breadth or space.
Home shall be wherever beauty stays.

The Salt Lake Tribune. *Edith Cherrington.*
January 5, 1936.

MOUNTAIN PATTERN

I would be like these mountains, in their strength
And in their gentleness. I would be calm
Before the raging torrent. I would stand
Immutable, serene, in life's harsh stress.
I would be generous as they, that give
Life to the valley from the snow-born streams—
Food to the tender-eyed, swift-footed ones
That roam the craggy steeps unknown of man—
And leafy bowers for the birds' delight.

God walks upon these mountains. I have heard
His garments brush the little mountain flowers;
Beneath these cedars He has passed, and hence
Their boughs are lifted everlastingly
Upward and upward, to the blue above.

Teach me thy faith, O mountains, so that I
May live my little life in fearlessness.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
August 23, 1936.

Maud Chegwidder.

THIS IS NOT MINE

This is not mine, this place of winter sun;
How strange for flowers to bloom when summer's done!
How utterly bewildering to me
Are shore lines of an unfamiliar sea.
The eucalyptus and the palm are grown
In patterns beautiful, but not my own.

Today at home the naked alder stands
With diamonds dripping from her slender hands.
Out of Polaris frozen streamers sweep
The valley into silence. I should keep
Faith with the evergreens who staunchly go
Marching up the hill to meet the snow.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Maude Blixt Trone.

BOULDER DAM

Here the wild waters rushed impetuously,
Stained red with granite torn from aging rocks,
Upsetting boulders from their ancient seats
To send them plowing down the furrowed gorge,
Exposing cliffs that glowed with rainbow hues.
In milder moods, the river fashioned pools,
Rock-rimmed and still, and here the soft-eyed doe
Could bring her spotted fawn and drink in peace.
But when in early spring the northing sun
Drove his hot arrows on the snowcapped peaks
To loose a thousand plunging cataracts,
Or when the lightning's red blade split the cloud
And thunder voices leaped from cliff to cliff,
The river reared and plunged, a wild-eyed stallion
Dashing with flying mane and trampling hoof,
Leaping its course to strike down and destroy . . .
Now, man has tamed this mustang of the mountain,
Set it on its haunches with a bit
Of concrete, led it with a lariat
Of trailing ditch and pipe, to man's abode.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Cyrus P. Dryden.

GRIEVING GIRL

Why should the wind moan like a grieving girl,
Bewailing her distress at every door?
Even the tree leaves fret their sympathy,
And grass is prostrate in its mute regret.
Who wronged the wind? Who broke her fickle heart,
Turned this way first, then that,
But moaning night and day,
Unaccompanied, untamed, uncomforted?

The Salt Lake Tribune.
March 8, 1936.

Elinor Lennen.

RICHES

There may be a panic
And markets may crash,
Yet I am rich.
Reverses may come
To deprive me of cash,
Yet I am rich.
I've still kept the breaks
In my spirit repaired,
The kindly old earth
Of its secrets has shared,
In the virtue of service
My faith has been spared,
So I am rich.

The jewels of nature
Are mine without pay,
So I am rich.
My neighbors salute
In the same cordial way,
So I am rich.
The intrinsic worth of
My friends has not waned,
My daughters bestow
Their affections unfeigned,
I hold the respect
Of my sons unrestrained,
So I am rich.

If I can have courage
Though money is gone,
Then I am rich,
And have more to live for
With less to live on,
Then I am rich.
These are the values
That bid to endure,
Their worth is unchanged
By the stockbroker's lure,
From market reports
All my wealth is secure,
And am I rich.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
November 26, 1936.

Edward R. Tuttle.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM

It did not shine that night and then go out
Like dawn-stars fading from the sky at day;
It did not compass Bethlehem about,
To leave us dark upon our troubled way.

It did not glorify one manger bed
To pale when your dear little son was born;
It did not halo Mary's weary head
To shut its light from my black travail morn.

It did not blaze on some few flocks of sheep
That grazed those ancient fields that Holy Night,
To hide its ray, and never vigil keep
On straying lambs that tremble in lost fright.

It did not guide alone those three Wise Men
Who came with myrrh and frankincense and gold,
To let me seek the stable door, and then
Drop from my sight like some dead world gone cold.

I know. For I have seen it in the East!
And North and South and West I mark its beam;
And in some ugly spot where I think least
To find a star, I follow its white gleam.

It glimmers for me through a baby's smile;
It flames through tears shed on a grave apart;
Its dust of gold is on the rose the while
I feel its warmth in my Beloved's heart.

It died not on Judea's hills, I know.
It did not show me where He lay, then dim;
For still on starless nights I watch its glow,
And by its brightness find my way to Him.

Anna Blake Mezquida.
The San Francisco (Calif.) Call-Bulletin.

BLUFF

Sometimes when I dance with you at night,
And life enthrones my life with glorious light,
I wonder why you never read my eyes
And peer into my soul with rapt surprise.

You'd love me then for values that you'd see,
The woman know who's been so true to thee;
You'd vibrate to my soul and then you'd know
The warming joy of flaming heart aglow.

No longer would you stroke my hands in play
And funny wisecracks ever try to say;
You'd value me then for the things called true,
And what you gave would come right back to you.

No longer would you barter song for jest,
Or smile at serious things, and as I've guessed,
Much longer try your real self to conceal—
You'd be surprised what my heart would reveal.

Ruby MacLeod Taylor.

The San Francisco (Calif.) Chronicle.
July 26, 1936.

DEEP WATERS

The holy meditations that we have
Are often unto others quite unknown.
Like depths of water in a mighty sea,
Upon the surface they are never shown.

But there is a peculiar majesty
On seas where deep, unfathomed waters flow.
And sweeter is the music of the waves
When there is hidden melody below.

The San Leandro (Calif.) News. Katherine Hansen.
November 24 1936.

ENOUGH

O who would wish for minted gold
When daffodils are nigh?
Or who would crave for gold doubloons
When sun is on the rye?
When birch-leaves are like singing gold
Against an autumn sky?

The San Marino (Calif.) Tribune. Rena Sheffield.
"Canterers with Pegasus."

PRAYER OF A WOMAN

This is the prayer from the heart of a woman.

"Teach us, O God, what it means to be free!
Free from the noise and the tumult of battle,
The sound and the fury of vain enmity.

"We are the ones who have need of Thy guidance.
Women who mother and nurture the race.
We speak the words that the children remember.
We plant the thoughts that uplift or debase.

"Look upon us,—and our sons and our daughters.
Frail human bodies, but filled with Thy breath.
Teach us that love is the founder and builder;
That hatred and greed bring destruction and death.

"Strengthen our faith in our God and each other.
Give peace to the world and the heart of each mother."

Eugenia T. Finn.
The Santa Rosa (Calif.) Press Democrat.
November 11, 1936.

MIDNIGHT

Over the sea, past the old stone wall,
The white moth-wings of moonlight fall.

Gather their beauty out of the black—
When the moon goes down it may not come back.

Gather the wing-dust out of the night . . .
Moons take sudden and headlong flight.

The Seattle (Wash.) Star. *Helen Maring.*
"Seattle Stardust," October 17, 1936.

INDICTMENT

The doors were closed and so poor Joseph wept
Because the Light of All the World must be
Born in a manger where the hay was kept;
Born in a stable where the cattle slept;
(Are we who close our hearts and shut our mind
To tolerance and truth then, less unkind?)

We weep remembering Christ was crucified
To make men free, upon a lonely hill;
Still nation slaughters nation needlessly;
Man's inhumanity to man thrives still;
And still He dies as on that day He died
Because of man's intolerance and pride.
O Bethlehem! O crowded Inns of Earth,
Where Peace can find no place to come to birth!

The Stratford (Iowa) Courier. *Beryl V. Thompson.*
January 26, 1936.

FOOL'S GOLD

Hers were the ways of the people who trade:
Each emotion she carefully measured and weighed
And counted and tagged with a vision for gain.
The castles she dreamt of were not reared in Spain.
His were the traits of the dreamers whose quests
Mark them as targets of Philistines' jests—
Weavers of gossamer spangled with gold,
Chasers of rainbows who never grow old.
He met her, he loved her and courted disaster . . .
Alas, for his marble that crumbled like plaster!

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *James I. Jacobs.*
"The Gulf Gleam," April 18, 1936.

DARK WINGED

Down silent corridors of endless days
That stretch before my weary self, I grope
And yearn for all the memoried world that plays
Unheard save by myself alone. No hope
Can break the heavy blankness that presides,
No whisper from wild seas or leaves in rain;
No rustling winds or crackling firesides,
But stillness that becomes a dead refrain,
A spreading wing that shadows drearily,
Nor lifts, nor comforts me. And one who dreams
In soundless worlds of some lost melody
Yet finds within himself the yielding streams
Of thought wherein sad sophistries are poured:
"For each lost harmony . . . a lost discord."

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Miriam Rothschild.*
"The Gulf Gleam," January 9, 1936.

HAUNTED

The embers on my hearth burned low,
And, oh, the Old Year dying—
He sat beside me, chill and cold,
Crying.

He fell to muttering of me,
And saying over one by one
The little thoughtless things he knew
That I had done.

At last he breathed a weary sigh,
His voice grew quavering and thin—
I showed him to the door, and let
The New Year in.

So cheerily the New Year spoke,
I laughed, and built the fire up bright . . .
But, oh, I heard the Old Year's voice
All night.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Eva Byron.*
"The Gulf Gleam," January 1, 1936.

KINGSHIP

I am one with the sun,
Each tree is my brother;
With this earth full of mirth
I wish for no other.

So I dream by the stream
Or swing up the valley;
I rejoice at earth's voice
Wherever I dally.

I'm a King, so I sing
Of life's wholesome pleasure;
I am one with the sun
And love is my treasure!

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

Lynn Russell.

"The Gulf Gleam," April 10, 1936.

CONTRITION

It must have been Contrition whom I saw
Lean for a moment from the window-sill
In the chill dawn and touch the icy haw
That, all night through, the frost had tried to kill.
I know none else who would thus feel regret
For frozen fruit, who would thus say, "'Twas wrong
To shut my door on pleading: and to let
The frost destroy this beauty any song
Could have protected—'twas unkind of me."
It must have been Contrition. She alone
In the thin light could so forget the fee
Of all remorse as to make plainly known
Her shame and sorrow, longing to hear said,
"We have forgiven you—we are the dead."

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

Russel St. Claire Smith.

"The Gulf Gleam," February 25, 1936.

RECALL ME

Sleep assails me like a drug,
And sleep and peace are one;
But when the morning spreads its rug
Of clear and yellow sun,
Recall me, lest the padded dark
Forever fold me in,
And I should miss the meadow-lark
And never see the thin
Blue daub of foothills far away
That skirts the patterned plain;
Or walk with you some autumn day
In harvest-scented rain.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

Edith Fulton.

"The Gulf Gleam," March 6, 1936.

THE GREAT WHITE WINGS OF GABRIEL

Dreaming, with face uplifted, I
Saw great, spreading wings that seemed to vie
With snow in whiteness,
Hovering nigh.

They seemed to fold themselves upon God's breast
As if one whom He loved were there at rest.
Perhaps 'twas Gabriel, come again to show
Us loveliness forgotten here below.
And surely, surely, if our mortal eyes
Could view the inner realms of paradise,
There would be nothing lovelier than these
Mighty white pinions floating in the breeze.

Someone spoke of cloud-effects,
But I
Know that I saw great wings
That slowly drifted by . . .
The soft, white wings of Gabriel
Folded against the sky.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

Ruth Payne Bomford.

"The Gulf Gleam," June 14, 1936.

SONNET

It is easy to strain upward when we know
Who benefit by our conduct count its cost—
See, feel, the incomings-to-us lost
Because for them we are striving thus and so.
It is easy when the eyes of watchers glow
Approvingly; when our way's not crossed
By hostile presences; nor the chilling frost
Of misconception to lay our courage low.

Take now the battered pilgrim with his Cause
For which he is toiling bent beneath abuse—
His Cause that tomorrow will serve the common use
When the man himself will be beyond all laws—
Steal from this "fool" the Dream that fires his eye,
The stricken wretch will but the sooner die!

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *D. Sanial Gill.*
"The Gulf Gleam," January 19, 1936.

WATER MUSIC

The slender birches grow beside the stream,
Whose waters, flowing placidly along,
Bring melodies and blend them into song,
To make one watch and drowse, or sit and dream.
The silver birches mark the rhythm, seem
To click their dainty castanets, and long
To sing, while even shyest birds belong
To choirs attuned to running brooks, which gleam
As waters lave the grasses, bending low.
They greet the rankest weed, or fairest flower
With equal graciousness, and then bestow
A blessing, gleaned from hidden spring or shower.
Then, humming silver strains, will gently flow
In lovely murmured music, hour on hour.

Clara Edmunds-Hemingway.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.
"The Gulf Gleam," February 12, 1936.

"LET DOWN THY GOLD HAIR"

When he wrote of his divorce
I let my short hair grow
Back into curls and waves
Because he liked it so—
When we were young, in love,
And happy, long ago!

But he has married someone else,
And I have found a job,
So today at lunch I'll go
And have a wind-blown bob.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Margaret Matthews.
"The Gulf Gleam," January 12, 1936.

WE MUST GO ON

I must go softly on and find my way
As ivy seeks a foothold on the wall;
And cut one meagre step each passing day
Or not go on at all.

Tomorrow should I die—why then, I die
In peace by knowing that my goal was far
Above the lust for gold. My arrows fly
On upward toward a star.

My fellowmen; your faith in me is spent,
And withering your every word—your fears.
Around my star I see, with deep content,
An aura from my tears.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Guy Perth Erroll.
"The Gulf Gleam," August 21, 1936.



HAVE THEY FORGOTTEN?

Have they forgotten warring zones
Filled with the sound of human groans,
How War took such a heavy toll
And sapped each soldier's brain and soul?

Have they forgotten? No, not they
For memory clings to each new day
And paints the dreams of every night—
Each dawning day renews the fight.

A Nation worthy of a name
Has Peace and Honor, never shame
Hundreds of crosses side by side
Cannot be pointed to, with pride.

The Upland (Calif.) News. M. Schaffer Connelley.
"Galleon of Dreams."

THE UNERRING CALL

Since early morn, on the North wind's breath
Is borne the honking, clamoring throng
Of migrants from cold Winter's death
Winging their way, though the miles are long.
Who gives this instinct, true as light
Through all the eager transient hours
To guide the wild geese in their flight
Unto a land of sun and flowers?

Could we but trust to The Spirit Call
Unerring as the wild bird flies
Our souls would leave this earthly pall
Of gathering clouds and by faith arise
On wings of joy, in search of clime
Where Heaven marks no hours of time.

The Upland (Calif.) News. Kay McCullough.
"Galleon of Dreams," November 13, 1936.

THIS GOLDEN HOUR

I took my sewing and sat down
Before a golden fire;
I eased my hands, and let myself
To other things aspire.
I was quite glad that I could cut
And make my needle tell,
But far happier, that I could help
A life from where it fell.
The mantel clock chimed half-past three,
The day was growing old—
You drew your cushioned chair near mine,
Beside the sparks of gold,
And there in silence, calm—serene,
We sensed love's burning flame
Like magic run from heart to heart,
Gold unit in life's game.
And thus we dreamed of youthful days:
The precious golden past;
Through God's earth garden hand in hand
We meet old age at last.

Our day will end . . . and shall we go
"Where all things are made new?"
I am so glad that I could spend
This golden hour with you!

The Upland (Calif.) News. *Mary Rutan Byerly.*
"Galleon of Dreams," October 9, 1936.

PATTERANS OF FROST

Now frost has caught a flaming maple leaf
Upon the silver of a quiet loom,
To glimmer through these russet days whose brief
Brave loveliness yet fingers a late bloom;
Yet strums the zither of the wind at dusk,
And weaves across the miracle of dawn,
A beauty poignant as the scent of musk
And bruised lavender, it holds in pawn.

How delicate the weave! Amazingly
An exquisite design is slowly blent,
Till he who will may read, incredibly,
The referendum of a year's content;
Its Alpha and Omega proudly told
In leafy patterans of red and gold.

The Washington (D. C.) Post. *Anne M. Robinson.*
January, 1936.

DEAR HEART UNCOMFORTED

Dear heart uncomforted,
Be gay and do not grieve,
If sorrow comes your way
Be sure that it will leave.
For every clouded sky
Will clear, again be fair,
And joy will seek your door
To find a welcome there.

Anthony F. Klinkner.
The Waukon (Iowa) Republican and Standard.
February 19, 1936.

REHABILITATION

I'm back to the soil in the State that's best,
To plow for the wheat and corn.
Done with the putrid slums of the east,
I who am western born.
Yes, I've worked the land thru 'hoppers and drouth;
Fronted the rusted wheat,
And—I've seen the feet of the unemployed
Drip red on a city street.

I left my farm for a billionaire;
The fee? What a slave is priced.
Took a striker's place and quit for I felt
As Judas who sold the Christ.
I sickened on signs: "No children allowed",
(Save down where the rat abides.)
O, the old farmhouse is more than a house
With its windows on all four sides.

The work will be hard for the wife? She says
Not so hard as she had to do
In cutting the loaf of relief for six
That was only meant for two.
The kiddies will go to the district school,
Who've long in a pen been pent,
And chore as they're able in years and strength
And romp to their heart's content.

I'm back to the soil that never grew "reds";
Where a neighbor knows your face.
I am western born—from pioneers
Of an oldworld hardy race.
There are long, long hours on the farm I know;
It isn't a snap—it's hard.
But there's clothing and food; an automobile
And room in our own back-yard.

Flora Cameron Burr.
The Willow City (N. D.) Review.

THE PARSON AND THE UMBRELLA

Frank Rand ain't been to church, it seems
For several months or more.
He's been a worthy Deacon and
He ushered at the door.

He used to lead the ev'nin' choir
And taught a class of boys—
In fact to have Frank Rand with us
Was one of many joys.

So, nachurly, when he left church
Without a word to say,
The news began to get about
That he had gone astray.

But Frank he wouldn't tell a soul
What it was all about
And just like any other talk
In time it petered out.

Now Rand and I have been good friends
And always got along,
So when we met the other day
He told me what was wrong.

“The last time that I went to church—
I s'pose you don't recall—
I had a new umbrella that
I set out in the hall.

“The parson preached a sermon 'bout
Us living high and dry
That touched the congregation so .
It dampened many an eye.

“Well, when the service ended and
Our Sunday School was through,
I sat around and talked a while—
Just like I'd always do.

"And then I went out in the hall
To get my coat and hat,
But my umbrella wasn't found
Where I had placed it at.

"At first I didn't worry and
I kinda looked around
'Til I had sarched the church clear through,
But it could not be found.

"Well then I really gave up hope
And started out the door—
And Ed, I never see it rain
As hard as that before!

"And as I stood out on the steps
My eyes, by chance, did meet
Some one with my umbrella, just
A-heading down the street.

"Now Ed, I know you won't believe—
But it's the Gospel truth—
The one with my umbrella was
Our parson, Hiram Booth!

"If taking my umbrella was
Called 'living high and dry'
I made my mind up then and there
'Twa'n't good enough for I!"

The Winchester (Mass.) Star. Roland Wells Robbins.

MARCHING WITH LANDON

We will march along with Landon
O'er the mountains and the lea;
Marching proudly with our leader
From the sea unto the sea;
From New England's rugged climate
To the Southland's balmy air,
From the Western rolling prairies;
Yes, we'll come from everywhere!

CHORUS

Hip, hip, hurrah for Alf Landon,
A man ever brave and true;
Three cheers for the son of Kansas
And our own Red, White and Blue.

We will sweep the foe before us
In our mighty onward rush,
Drive the "Reds" forth from the temple
And their alien doctrines crush.
Yes, we'll march along with Landon
Until victory is won,
And hold the Stars and Stripes aloft
As our fathers oft have done.

Edwin Gordon Lawrence.

The Worcester (Mass.) Daily Telegram.
October 27, 1936.

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